

The Nation

VOL. VI., No. 5.]
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1909.

[PRICE 6D.
Postage: U.K. 4d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
DIARY OF THE WEEK ...	177	The Indian Deportations. By	
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		Frederic Mackarness, M.P. ...	195
THE ISSUES OF THE BUDGET.		Liberal Women and the	
BY THE CHANCELLOR OF		Suffrage. By Fred. C. Cony-	
THE EXCHEQUER ...	180	beare, F.B.A., Catherine Ryle,	
The Coming Storm ...	182	and M.A. ...	195
A Sham Passion and a Real		The Denial of Supplies. By	
Dilemma ...	183	Law ...	196
A Sentimental Journey ...	184	Government and Bureaucracy.	
A LETTER TO A BUSINESS-		By A. I. Tillyard, G. Montagu	
MAN ON THE ENGLISH		Harris ...	197
REVOLUTION NOW PEND-		Reaction and Revolution. By	
ING. FROM THE THREAT		R Henderson Smith ...	197
OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS		Agrarian Law in Hungary. By	
TO REJECT THE BUDGET.—		Joa. Sachse ...	198
II. By H. W. V. Temperley ...	185	POETRY:—	
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		The Re-Incarnation. By	
The Fear of Socialism ...	186	Frederick Niven ...	198
The Countesses of the Super-		THE WORLD OF BOOKS ...	200
natural ...	187	Books to be Read ...	200
With Horn and Hound ...	189	REVIEWS:—	
The City Garden ...	190	Lecky ...	202
SHORT STUDIES:—		Mr. Watson's New Poems ...	204
Milking. By Edward Thomas ...	191	The Byron Mystery ...	206
PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS:—		A Medley of French Characters ...	208
The Indian Decentralisation		The Birth of Modern Italy ...	210
Report. By Sir W. Wedder-		Blue Bonnet and Mitre ...	212
bura ...	192	Hand Made v. Machine Made ...	214
THE DRAMA:—		BOOKS IN BRIEF:—	
Bohemia and Bathos. By		Art in Great Britain and	
William Archer ...	193	Ireland ...	216
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		French Vignettes ...	218
Gladstone and Money Bills.		THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By	
By the Rev. J. J. Frome		Lucellum ...	218
Wilkinson ...	195		

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

A PAUSE in the critical situation which the country is fast approaching has been secured by an agreement between the rival leaders to defer the second reading of the Budget in the House of Lords till November 22nd. A day later the House of Commons will meet, after nearly three weeks' adjournment. We doubt whether the pause will affect the decision of the Tory "backwoodsmen," led by the brewers and the Protectionists, to throw out the Bill, to disregard all counsels, however exalted, against such a course, and to flout Lord Lansdowne, who is obviously opposed to it. The Liberal Party must, therefore, prepare itself for immediate and vital action towards the end of November.

THE fifth of the series of bye-elections which have taken place since the Budget was introduced has been less satisfactory than its predecessors, but it has yielded the same result, a majority of votes for, and a minority against. Mr. Dumphreys, the Protectionist victor at Bermondsey, polled 4,278 votes; Mr. Leigh Hughes, the Liberal pro-Budget man, 3,291 votes; and Mr. Salter, the Socialist supporter, 1,435 votes. In other words, Bermondsey contains 4,726 friends of the Budget and 4,278 opponents. The result, fought under every disadvantage—the presence of a famous local "character" as the Conservative champion, the division into two camps of the Progressive strength, and all the confusion and doubt which such a distraction of forces brings about, and the fact that the brilliant Liberal candidate fought an improvised battle as a complete stranger to the constituency—should not cause Liberals a moment's discouragement. It may, indeed, like the

first Southwark election, push the peers over the precipice. And that need not daunt us either.

MEANWHILE, on the general feeling about the Budget, more especially in the rural districts, we print the following communication from "A Country Candidate": "Strange things are happening in rural England. At C—— last night, the village school was so packed for the Budget League meeting that there was no standing-room left. No such audience has been seen there, even in the height of an election contest. C—— is eight miles from a railway station, in a purely rural parish, and the meetings hitherto have been small and absolutely quiet. Last night the principal man in the parish, a retired major, came with two or three friends to shout out interjections and to ask questions. The answers given by the speakers were wildly applauded, and the outspoken attacks of a local orator on the *quondam* potentate were greeted with howls of delight. There is much good humor and little bitterness in all this. It is simply that we are waking up. We are suddenly beginning to think that the fear, which has brooded so long over the land, is largely a groundless one. The democratic spirit, familiar enough in the towns, is making its appearance among the fields and along the miry lanes."

"SEVERAL months ago, before the Budget League was even thought of, I wrote in your columns that the Lloyd George Budget, once explained, was immensely popular. It has now been so widely explained that there are few districts where it is not fairly well understood. It has been an education. Direct and indirect taxation, the nature of rent, the distribution of wealth, the incidence of mineral royalties, the relations of capital to labor, these and other problems have been raised, and raised for the first time. They are grasped very vaguely, but they are felt to exist. In crude form, but often with apt or quaint illustration, they are handled to-day in the barn, in the smithy, in the public house. They will not, for they cannot, be dropped or forgotten. It is a golden moment for the cause of reform. The demand for fairer social conditions is being put forward, but it has not yet developed into a class war."

"WHETHER it will so develop or not, depends largely on the coming election. The new demand will be fought, bitterly and hard. The Unionists are as well aware of the real issues at stake as we are. Workmen will be dismissed from work, or evicted from their houses. Subscriptions, on which the success of some little local enterprise depends, will be withdrawn. Corruption will supplement intimidation. If the election comes in January, Christmas gifts and parish charities will be arranged with a keen eye to the ballot-box. Beer will flow freely from unseen sources. The armory of wealth, never fully utilised yet, will be employed to the best advantage. The contest will be no easy one. Yet, if the Liberal Government is returned to power, the extremes of class feeling will, I think, be avoided. The forces of reaction will throw up the sponge. The conflict of ideals and interests will continue, but it will not deepen into mutual hatred. That, however, is the alternative we

shall have to face if the Liberal programme of social and financial reform is arrested in its inception."

ON Tuesday Mr. Balfour, in a speech of outrageous, but calculated, violence, denounced Mr. Ure in terms never within our recollection applied by one public man of eminence to another. Mr. Balfour's assumption was that Mr. Ure, the Lord Advocate, had repeatedly stated that if the Tory Party came in it would repudiate the obligation to provide old age pensions. He declared this statement to be "a frigid and calculated lie," "carefully thought out," "deliberately coined," and then "put into legitimate circulation." He also said that Mr. Ure had repeated the calumny, which he must have known was a calumny, to audience after audience. He had also committed a "crime" against the pensioners, and had acted with "the deliberate object" of perverting public opinion.

THIS insolent language, addressed to a man of very high character and obvious sincerity, rests, so far as we know, on no statement of Mr. Ure's which deserved it. The Lord Advocate's charge was in the nature of an argument, which he fully developed at Rochdale on the following day. Mr. Ure showed, first, that Mr. Balfour had put forward Tariff Reform as the only possible alternative to the Budget, which he repudiated, with all its works. He excluded from his Protectionist scheme any increase in the proportion of food taxes to be paid by workmen, and any tax on raw material. That left him dependent for revenue on duties (ten per cent.) on foreign manufactures. But such duties, after allowing for the cost of collection and the exclusion of effectually protected goods, would only provide five millions' worth of taxes, instead of the fourteen millions required to fill the deficit. Mr. Balfour would, therefore, have to choose between breaking one kind of pledge and breaking another. Supposing that he chose not directly to break the promise over old age pensions, for which he never voted, but to substitute a scheme of contributory pensions? Statesmen in a quandary have done such things before.

THE Prime Minister briefly announced on Wednesday that the Lords' amendments to the Irish Land Bill would be dealt with under a single motion, which would enable them to be put as a whole from the chair. This probably means the rejection of the substantial amendments of the Lords, but not necessarily of all the changes they have introduced into the Bill. Essentially, however, it will be restored to its old form. The Lords treated the original measure as a mere sketch and substituted for it a Bill with different machinery, different intentions, and different objects. One peer went so far as to propose that the provision of funds should be left to a committee consisting of a representative of the landlords and a representative of the tenants, with Lord Macdonnell and Lord Milner as "*amici curiae*." The British Exchequer and the British taxpayer were left out of this quaint tribunal.

THE report on the clauses dealing with the Licensing duties was concluded on Wednesday, the Government making some further concessions to hotels and restaurants, and proposing reduced duties where the receipts from the sale of intoxicants formed less than two-fifths (instead of one-third) of the total receipts. The general policy of the duties was re-argued on Tuesday, when the Prime Minister powerfully defended the call for additional taxation from a class to which the State

had granted a valuable monopoly, while he ridiculed the possibility of adhering to the 1880 scale. Mr. Sherwell, indeed, pointed out that, excluding hotels valued at over £3,000, the old average duty was £21, while the future average duty would be at £49. Mr. Balfour, however, insisted that many publicans would be swept out of existence, that this would give them "a sense of rancorous wrong," that they would be "oppressed," and that the licensing trade would feel that the House of Commons could not be trusted to deal fairly with it. Nothing, he said, would persuade him that this was "legitimate finance." His language, though very guarded, is thought to have given slight encouragement to the policy of rejection. It is significant that, on the same day, the Tory leader declared that it was clear that the controversies now being raised in Lords and Commons must soon be transferred to a higher power than either.

THE Tsar, after seven years, has paid his return visit to the King of Italy, and the toasts have contained the customary fluid generalities. M. Isvolsky gives some solidity to them by saying that Italy and Russia have identical interests in "the preservation of peace, the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Near East, and the development of the autonomy of the Balkan peoples." The unofficial Italian commentators make no doubt that the visit means an important addition to Italy's power of resisting Austria in the Balkans. To judge from the Press of the "Triple Entente," the particular group of Powers of which England and France are the centre has been strengthened, and the new European balance of power has received its finishing touch. There is a good deal of diplomatic fudge in all this, but the cant becomes a little perilous when the *Temps* says that now the peace of Europe is threatened only by the Socialists. The plain truth of the matter is that the cement of the Triple Entente is much more hatred of Germany than love of peace, and if the Triple Entente is to be a new Holy Alliance against Socialism as well as against Germany, it contains graver seeds of peril than even its critics have hitherto suspected.

THE dramatic eviction of the Conservative Cabinet in Spain by the Liberals seems to have violated the conventions of Spanish politics. Some of Senor Moret's old friends are disturbed, and Senor Maura, in a speech of singular violence, has put the Liberal Party outside the pale along with Anarchists—tactics closely resembling those which the Protectionist Reactionaries adopt here. Senor Maura is a great political power, but, on the other hand, the Republicans and Socialists, who are now in alliance, have begun a campaign designed to make his return to politics impossible. As the conventions of Spanish politics are responsible for the ruinous state of the country, there is some prospect now of the old game of the Ins and Outs ending at least for a time and of some real reform work being taken in hand. Senor Moret has not yet officially proclaimed his policy, but unofficially he has made it known that the operations in Morocco—where the Spanish army is in a bad way—will not be extended but brought to a close as quickly as possible. He approves the execution of Senor Ferrer, but apparently is against cold-blooded repression continued months after the trouble is over. So that an amnesty and measures of conciliation may be expected.

PRINCE ITO, the foremost of modern Japanese statesmen, was shot dead on Tuesday at Harbin in the presence of M. Kokovsteff, with whom he was about to enter

into important negotiations. Prince Ito was born in 1838, a Samurai of humble extraction, and by sheer ability he forced his way rapidly to the front. He was one of the first Japanese to travel in the West, and what he learned during his four years' stay in Europe he applied in his own country as Minister of Public Works. At the age of thirty-four he introduced railways and telegraphs, and modernised Japanese finance and Japanese political institutions, and he was four times Premier. It was during his Ministry that the war with China was carried on and he led Japan along the road to the Russian war. His great administrative talents marked him out for the mission of absorbing Korea, and in the sense that he secured complete Japanese control and recast the whole Government without provoking foreign protests he was successful. But his methods were harsh and he did little to check the ruthless exploitation of the Koreans by his countrymen. Korea was swept by revolt, and hatred of Japan became Korean patriotism.

* * *

AFFAIRS in Turkey have just taken two notable steps forward. The Young Turks have decided that things are settled enough for a return to something like normal constitutional methods, and they have realised that they cannot push Ottoman conformity too far or too fast. In accordance with the first decision the Committee of Union and Progress has converted itself from a secret society into an ordinary political party, and the army has taken an oath not to intervene in politics. In accordance with the second an agreement has been made with the Patriarchs to recognise them as in some respects the representatives of their nationalities. It would be too optimistic to hope that the Young Turks will in an instant throw off the habits of the secret society or that the army will be able to carry out its self-denying ordinance with perfect fidelity. But it is plain that the Young Turks appreciate what is implied in constitutional institutions, and think that the critical period of transition is passing. Still less likely is the arrangement with the Patriarchs to be permanent, for the nationalities are the Turkish problem. But even a temporary settlement implies that the Young Turks are modifying their rigid Imperialism and are on the way towards a saner and more prudent handling of the most difficult political problem that faces them.

* * *

THE past week has offered several tests of political sentiment in Germany. There have been State elections in Saxony and Baden and Berlin, and a bye-election to the Reichstag in Coburg, and in every instance the Socialists have exhibited astonishing strength. They carried Coburg, which had been held by the National Liberals ever since its existence as a constituency; they increased immensely their votes and their membership in the Saxon and Baden Diets, chiefly at the expense of Conservatives, Clericals, and National Liberals; and they again won the Berlin seats in the bye-elections to the Prussian Landtag. In Saxony, the franchise has been altered since the last elections, so that comparison is difficult; but in Baden the Socialist vote has gone up some seventy per cent. The parties that voted the finance reform or opposed it with least vigor have suffered most, and there is no doubt that the electorate is voting Socialist as a vigorous protest against that most unpopular measure. Whether or not the present Socialist wave is enduring, nobody in Germany questions that the check inflicted on the Socialists by Prince Bülow was a mere episode, and that the Socialists will take ample revenge at the next Reichstag elections.

THE sending of a Russian army into Finland seems to have been postponed; the Government, we are told, was misled by some obscure Finnish powers into anticipating a revolt. The incorporation of the Finnish province of Viborg into Russia has likewise been put off, or is to be carried out gradually. That it is to be carried out seems certain; the reactionaries and the military men want it done, and even M. Homiakoff, the Speaker of the Duma, says "it is impossible to pass judgment." Meanwhile the new Finnish Senate of Russian nominees has bowed to the Tsar's decree for a subsidy of £800,000 in lieu of military service. It is impossible for foreigners to decide the niceties of constitutional law raised by M. Stolypin's Finnish policy, and it is also impossible to deny that the curious position of Finland in the Russian Empire does raise some difficult problems. But it is equally impossible to approve the methods of M. Stolypin. The tangle of Russo-Finnish relations cannot be satisfactorily adjusted except by mutual agreement. What the Russian Government is doing is to settle them of itself, and ride rough-shod over the will of the Finnish people, as though M. Stolypin was at least as anxious to cripple the constitution of the one relatively free province in the Empire as to abolish inconveniences arising from the uncertainty of the respective legal rights of the Russian and Finnish Governments.

* * *

ON Sunday the Secretary for Scotland released the five Suffragettes who were sentenced at Dundee for attempting to break up Mr. Churchill's meeting. These women had already undergone a fast of ninety-six hours—a quite sufficient punishment for the not very serious offence of which they were guilty. No attempt was made to feed them by force, and here, again, we think that Lord Pentland has shown his wisdom. We imagine that he acted with the consent of the Home Secretary, and we cannot see why the precedent thus set should not be followed in all cases where the offence is trivial and has a distinct and easily recognisable political color. Some of the recent sentences have not been wanting in a touch of vindictiveness on the part of the magistrates, or, at all events, of the irritation which this unhappy conflict has aroused. In such cases it is, we think, all the more incumbent to keep the law on the side of tact and leniency.

* * *

THE Committee for establishing a national theatre as a memorial of the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death has issued an appeal signed by the Lord Mayor of London, Lord Lytton, and Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, for the sum of £500,000. Half of this sum will be devoted to an endowment fund, and the other half to the purchase of a site and to building and equipment. On Saturday a resolution moved by Mr. Birrell at the Mansion House pledged the chief local authorities to the support of the scheme, which will have behind it the authority of the Crown, of the learned societies, of the municipalities, and of the Imperial Dominions. Local committees will be set up for its promotion.

* * *

WE believe that Mr. Herbert Gladstone is to be the first Governor-General of South Africa. The selection is a fortunate one, and there will be special satisfaction in the thought that the first representative of the British Crown in the new Federation is to be the son of the man whose portrait is seen in thousands of Colonial homes, and whose memory is deeply cherished there.

Politics and Affairs.

THE ISSUES OF THE BUDGET.

BY THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

[All Rights Reserved.]

THERE are ominous signs that we may be approaching one of the greatest Constitutional struggles waged in this country for over 250 years. If the struggle comes, it is a subject for gratification that it should arise over a measure which probably raises, in a clearer and more decisive fashion than any other legislative proposal within living memory, some of the most important issues that divide Liberalism from Toryism. There is the question of Free Trade and Protection. Should taxation be used as a means of artificially raising prices so as to enrich a few at the expense of the rest of the population? I observe that this week the "Times" dwells upon the advantage of keeping up the prices of wheat in this country in the interests of agriculture, and as experience proves that the landlords constituted the only agricultural class that profited by that expedient when it was tried before, it means that the cost of living is to be permanently enhanced for over forty millions of people in order to benefit a group of persons who barely number a few thousands. The frantic efforts made by the Tariff Reformers to defeat the Budget prove that they at any rate are fully alive to the fact that when it has become law it will make it much more difficult for any succeeding Government to carry through the great operation which Protectionists have in contemplation for passing on the burden of taxation from the banking accounts of the rich to the bread and meat of the multitude.

That is not the only fiscal issue raised by the Budget. There are others of equal importance. Should taxation be borne by those who can best afford to bear it or by those who can least afford to pay? Should it fall on the necessities or on the superfluities of life? Most momentous question of all, has the time not arrived for the State to call to a reckoning those who have secured valuable monopolies at the expense of the community, and too often abused those monopolies to its detriment? And when you come to the purposes to which the State ought to devote its revenues, should not the national resources be charged with the avoidance and prevention of unmerited poverty and distress? Lastly, has the State no responsibilities for the organised development of the neglected wealth of the land? All these fertile and suggestive questions are raised by this year's Budget. As a constitutional conflict between

Lords and Commons is, having regard to the events of the last few years, inevitable in the immediate future, I think it is well it should be finally and definitely challenged over a proposal, or rather a series of proposals, which embodies so much of the Liberal plan for dealing with the social problems which confront statesmanship throughout the world.

It may be said that these projects are not a part of the Budget upon which the Lords will be called upon to pronounce. But personally I look on the Budget as a part only of a comprehensive scheme of fiscal and social reform—the setting up of a great insurance scheme for the unemployed, and for the sick and infirm, the creation, through the Development Bill, of machinery for the regeneration of rural life. All these constitute as essential and vital parts of the Budget as the taxation of ground values and the imposition of a super-tax.

The mistake made by the Liberal Government of 1894 will not be repeated. Sir William Harcourt's great financial proposals raised a huge revenue for the State, but it was not hypothecated by the author and his colleagues to any specific purpose. The result was that when the Tory Government came into power they reaped the abundant harvest sown by Sir William Harcourt, and proceeded to squander it on the most reckless and wasteful enterprises. The very first year two millions of the yield was voted practically to arrest the decline in landlords' incomes due to the fall in agricultural rents. That sum soon went into the pockets of the landowning class. It ought to have been devoted to a well-conceived plan for aiding and improving agriculture, for assisting the establishment of small holdings, for improving rural transport and organizing co-operation, so as to help farmers, great and small, to bring their produce to market under conditions which would enable them to compete successfully with the foreigner, for the endowment of scientific research in agriculture, and for the training of the population engaged on the soil. Had that use been made of the £2,000,000 expended under the Agricultural Rates Act, not merely would the agricultural community have derived a hundred times as much benefit as they have ever received from that barren grant towards rates, but the nation as a whole would have profited in the enrichment of its land. It would be safe to say that even the landlords themselves would have now been deriving much more advantage, direct as well as indirect, from such an enlightened expenditure than from the crude dole so precipitately and unintelligently handed over to them out of the yield of Sir William Harcourt's Budget taxes.

What was done with the balance of that yield? Can any one point to one useful national enterprise promoted by it?

What was left after the landlords had enjoyed the first cut was frittered away over futile expenditure on armaments. How futile that expenditure was the South African war demonstrated to the world. It was part of my plan in raising a revenue for the urgent national needs of the hour to raise it by means which in succeeding years would grow into a substantial and a swelling surplus. It was also part of the same plan that this surplus should be earmarked from the outset, in so far as the declaration of the Government could accomplish that object, to ends which might in themselves be beneficent and fruitful. That is why I devoted so considerable a portion of what would have been even otherwise an overburdened Budget statement, to an elaboration of the schemes sanctioned by the Government for social reform and national development.

The Protectionist Party in this country are more alarmed about these schemes than about our methods of taxation. They recognise that these plans when matured will appreciably increase the bank balance of Liberalism. For that reason, even if the Budget goes through, I predict that another concerted effort will be made to rouse a fresh naval or military panic, so as to rush the Government into the criminal extravagance of unnecessary armaments on land and sea. A successful agitation of that kind would bankrupt social reform, and the enormous advantage which would otherwise be gained by means of the Budget surplus would be completely thrown away. Nothing would be left for our pains but the bare taxes. So there will be the usual crop of rumors about German plans and preparations. We know now how little foundation existed for the last scare. In the light of established facts the March fright which shook Britain and convulsed the Colonies looks rather foolish. Mr. Balfour's twenty-five German "Dreadnoughts" in 1912 have, for the moment, disappeared from the stage. The sensational drama of a foreign invasion has ceased to draw. It is not now to the interests of the Tory Party to dwell too much on the "grave national emergency" whilst the country sees them fighting with grim tenacity in the House of Commons against contributing a penny towards the fund which the Government are raising to meet it. But when the taxes are established, the Tory members will strive to divert their produce from the channel of fruitful reform, which may win gratitude for the party which initiates it, to the barren waste which ends in popular disappointment and national restlessness or even

disaster. Liberals will have themselves to blame if they lack the perspicacity and firmness to resist these manufactured cries of national danger.

I sincerely hope that our schemes of social reform will not end with the establishment of a national system of insurance. The Budget has revealed the intensity and the universality of the interest taken in the land question in this country. It affects not merely every *class*, but every industry. My opinion as to the feeling in the country on this subject is not in the least affected by the result of the Bermondsey election. We have had five bye-elections since the introduction of the Bill. They all showed a majority of voters for the Budget, and Bermondsey is no exception to this rule. And if a comparison is instituted between the ante-Budget and the post-Budget contests, it will reveal a startling change in the electoral prospects of Liberalism. Bermondsey may perhaps indicate that the London democracy has not up to the present grasped the importance of the land question to the same extent as the rest of Britain. A rational land system lies at the very root of national well-being. Liberalism will commit one of the most fatal blunders of its career if it allows this question to rest until it is settled. The real meaning of the enthusiasm aroused by the Budget is that the country has risen in revolt against the land monopoly. It has impoverished our rural districts, it has driven old industries away from our villages, and has prevented the establishment of new ones; it has emptied the Highlands, and scattered the robust population from which flowed the most splendid material for the defence of the country to the ends of the earth. It has cramped the natural, healthy growth of our towns. Streets which might have been filled with real homes, affording ample breathing space to restore the energies of our laboring population, in all ranks of life, have been crushed into airless blocks of unsightly buildings which are the eye-sore of our great cities and a danger to civilisation. Traders, manufacturers, professional men, business men, builders and workmen, in town and country, have long been smouldering with disaffection against this oppression of landlordism, and with the Budget their discontent has burst into flame. If Liberalism leaves the matter there and does not substitute some more rational system, it must inevitably suffer for its lack of courage and foresight.

The Budget campaign must be the beginning and not the end of the Liberal effort in land reform. The intelligent foreigner who supplies the Tariff Reform party with ideas has foreseen that the British democracy are profoundly dissatisfied with the conditions under which land is now owned and managed. He has therefore

pressed upon his leaders—and has met with some measure of acceptance—a scheme of State purchase. But the success of such a scheme must necessarily depend on the price paid for the land. If the extravagant prices which have hitherto accompanied every acquisition of land for public or industrial purposes are to rule in future, the peasant proprietary of Mr. Ellis Barker is doomed to a subsidised insolvency. The new State valuation must be the basis for all plans of communal purchase. On this basis municipalities ought to buy the land which is essential to the development of their towns. And the State could also buy up land necessary to the policy of re-creating rural life in Britain. We are pledging credit to the extent of some scores of millions for the purpose of giving Ireland a fresh start in life, freed from the crippling influences of landlordism. Is nothing to be done for Britain? The Budget has excited a real hope in the breast of the people as to the answer which the Liberal Party are prepared at last to give to that question. The future of Liberalism depends on the courage and the firmness with which the party faces the task of realising that hope.

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE.

THE COMING STORM.

THE Liberal Party and the people of this country may, we think, now take it for granted that the House of Lords will destroy the Budget, thus depriving the House of Commons of the source and centre of its age-long authority, and arrogating to itself the power, superior in effect to that of the Throne, of dismissing Ministries and dictating the course of national policy. The day after that event, every power in the Constitution will have suffered a shock. The power of custom and tradition, which regulates the balance of forces, will have been seriously, if not fatally, weakened. The Monarchy will have been enfeebled, even if not repelled by the rejection of its counsels. The representatives of the people will have suffered in the two main sources of their strength. They will have lost the uncontrolled power of the purse, built up under Plantagenets and Tudors and Stuarts, and continually fortified since the Revolution. And they will have sustained a wide breach in the equally vital and deeply grounded doctrine of the responsibility of the Executive to the elected Chamber. As for the two political parties hitherto enjoying an equality of opportunity with their fellow-countrymen, the Liberals may consider themselves disinherited of their rights under the present Constitutional order, and shut out from all future share in government under the new tyranny set up by the Lords. The Tories will have undergone a change of a different but to them a not less fatal aspect, though its immediate consequence will be psychological even more than political. They will have ceased to be a Conservative party in any sense of the word. They will be the fully responsible authors of a Revolution comparable in importance to any sudden change that has ever overtaken a modern State, and will be liable to all the perils, accidents, and reprisals that a revolutionary period entails.

These being the facts and consequences of the overthrow of the Budget by the House of Lords, let us next

examine the character of the parties and the circumstances responsible for an act of this magnitude. The first truth is that the overthrow of the old British Constitution will be brought about by the pressure of the drink trade on the Tory Party, by the threat of a withdrawal of what is at once the strongest and the basest asset in the finance and the popular strength of the Opposition. The second most powerful factor is the organised effort of the Protectionist Party to destroy the Budget as the main obstacle to its scheme for the taxation of labor and industry for the benefit of all rents and some selected profits. An equally powerful volume of pressure comes from the landed interest, which sees the community released, under the valuation scheme, from the immense grip it possessed on every form of industrial and social activity.

But the power of these three elements depends on an equally important phase of the political situation, namely, the demoralisation of the Tory Party. All the movements we have described have come from the ranks, or rather the depths, of Toryism. Mr. Balfour has done nothing to forward them, just as he has done nothing to check them. He is drifting to Revolution, as he drifted to Protection, because, save in the unreal contentions of Parliamentary debate, he has never led the Tory Party. Its policy is still directed by the adventurer who led it to disaster four years ago, and who will now complete from his sick bed the ruin he planned and executed in the full vigor of his powers. Under that veiled, but still effective, direction, the entire political country has already been divided up between "Tariff Reformers" and "Socialists," as if Liberalism and Conservatism counted for nothing, and England hung on the verge of a dramatic plunge into the void. Not less reckless than this disposition of forces is the selection of the means by which the great political change is to be brought about. The most reactionary and antiquated of hereditary chambers, with a direct financial stake in the controversy before the country, is summoned to break down our unwritten laws and customs, so as to let in a fiscal on the top of a constitutional Revolution. Thus does British Conservatism turn the sword on its own bosom, despising the forces that give it strength and beckoning to those that intend or imply its fall. Well may the "Edinburgh Review" suggest that, if it comes to exceeding constitutional powers, it may be not the Tory peer, but the Radical Prime Minister, with a deposed and outraged House of Commons at his back, who will turn such a situation to account. When custom goes, as even Sir William Anson, rejecting his written testimony on the Constitution, is willing that it should go, it is the party of tradition, not that of innovation, which suffers.

Indeed, if the storm is to burst, the Liberal Party, which has not provoked it, will say: "By all means let it come, and sweep away with it the feudalism which still cumbers the land, checks its material and intellectual progress, keeps its country-side empty, characterless, and dependent, and forbids it to mix with the main stream of European democracy." Any democratic party possessed with faith and spirit must feel that all its public work and teaching are but a preparation for such

a conflict. The language and demeanor of the Dukes have shown the people how far unbridled wealth and power have warped the amenities of the old landed system, and how much it needs a drastic purge, such as we hope this Budget and following Budgets will provide. Could they desire a better, a clearer, issue? The old enemy is, at last, to be met on his weakest ground—the land question. He must put forward in his defence what cannot be defended—the hereditary principle, stretched to the monstrous demand that it shall overbear the historic, the central, power of the ancient British Constitution. He has also chosen to tie himself to an industry possessing and exercising (as in Bermondsey) great capacity for public corruption, whose political power must now be destroyed, in the interests of the State and of public morals. Is it likely that we shall lose such a battle? And even if we were defeated to-day, are we going to lose to-morrow? It may be necessary for the full purpose of the conversion of our democracy to these large ends, that our statesmen should become agitators, and the ordinary processes of party politics be suspended until, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer says in another column of *THE NATION*, the double issue of the Lords and the Land has been settled. But we are very certain that the England that will emerge from such a crusade will be a different country from the England that exists to-day, and that neither the House of Lords nor the present Tory Party will find a place in it.

A SHAM PASSION AND A REAL DILEMMA.

THE pose of Olympian indifference to the passions of men is something which in skilful hands may be made effective. It irritates and it is meant to irritate. But it has its dangers, and in particular it is a dangerous pose to exchange suddenly for the opposite pose of melodramatic passion. The one is not a good preparation for the other. Of the pose of indifference Mr. Balfour is the supreme master among living politicians. No one else can speak with such lofty negligence on matters that touch the passions or involve the misery of thousands. No one else can keep so cool if he chooses when accused of harsh or questionable dealing. In these matters Mr. Balfour has had a long practice, and has attained mastery. Who but he would have endured the long-drawn-out discredit of a nominal leadership? But when Mr. Balfour suddenly throws off this pose for the contrary attitude of righteous indignation all his experience militates against him. He shrieks as loud as the wildest of his henchmen. He "calls names" in a style which is rather that of the street than of Parliament. He gives his opponent the lie direct—"the frigid and calculated lie" are his own choice terms. The object of this indecent wrath is Mr. Ure. The Lord Advocate, according to Mr. Balfour, "has dishonored the profession to which he belongs. He has dishonored the office which he holds, and he has dishonored the country in which he was born." He exercises a "mendacious imagination." He has gone on "repeating a calumny which he must have known was a calumny," and how a man of his traditions can have sunk so low Mr.

Balfour knows not. This and much more through a column of the "*Morning Post*."

What is it all about? Mr. Ure has been making a number of very effective speeches on the Budget, full of knowledge, sincerity, force, and genuine insight into the working of our land system. Not the least effective part of his argument has been his challenge to the Tariff Reformers to produce their alternative. There are upwards of fourteen millions to be met, partly for Old Age Pensions, partly for "Dreadnoughts." Now, as to "Dreadnoughts" we know that the Tariff Reformers only complain that not enough has been done. They wanted eight, and would not wait. There is no retrenchment open to them under this head. Well, then, Mr. Ure presents them with a dilemma. Either you must show that you can pay for Old Age Pensions, or you must be prepared to cancel them. If we take you at your word, what are we to believe? You reject the Budget. Very good, then, you have to find the millions. Can you do it by Tariff Reform? Cool figures show that you cannot do it. If not, then what do you mean? Admit that you must either withdraw the pensions or accept the Budget. This is the essence of Mr. Ure's argument. Of its form it is difficult to judge from abbreviated reports. We do not interpret Mr. Ure to have meant that there was serious danger to those actually in receipt of pensions that they might lose them. We are well aware that strong opposition exists to the pensions system, and that Lord Lansdowne, who now, it would seem, is about to claim to be our master in finance as he is already in legislation, has called for a contributory system, which is, in effect, a withdrawal of the existing pensions. None the less it is perfectly certain that in this matter there can be no going back. The Tories may, and with their financial methods, probably would, refuse to remove the pauper disqualification. But we are sure that they dare not touch the existing pensions, and, if his argument suggested such a possibility, it was, as a point of form, mistaken.

But we may be sure that it was not a formal point of this kind that made Mr. Balfour so angry. The sting in Mr. Ure's challenge is that he demands the Tariff Reform balance-sheet. He who wills the end, argues Mr. Ure in effect, wills the means, and if the Tariff Reformers seriously intend to maintain Old Age Pensions they must prove their capacity to do it. This is to bring Mr. Balfour precisely to the point which for years he has skilfully avoided. It is to commit him to a definite scheme. It is in particular to make him say yes or no, whether he means to raise new revenue by taxes on food. Mr. Ure in his calculations rules them out, quoting Mr. Balfour's pledge that the proportion of such taxes now paid by the workmen shall not be increased. He takes Mr. Balfour at his word, and we may say, in passing, that before Mr. Balfour gets so vexed over Mr. Ure's alleged disregard of his pledge to maintain Old Age Pensions, he had better look through his own utterances and make himself quite sure that he has said nothing there which he will not be forced to retract. Apart from food taxes Mr. Ure brings down the amount which Tariff Reform would raise to some five millions, as against the fourteen millions

that are required. If Mr. Balfour disagrees with the figures let him correct them. Let him tell us with no more ambiguities what he does intend. Will he pay for Old Age Pensions by means of a tax on bread, on meat, butter, condensed milk, eggs, cheese, and will he calculate for us the amount necessary? Will he show that Mr. Chamberlain's famous equation holds, and that by remitting equivalent duties on tea and sugar it will be possible for Tariff Reformers to maintain that they are not increasing the cost of necessities? If his equation holds, will Mr. Balfour explain how he expects to get one penny out of food taxes for revenue? If he can get nothing from food, will he show how he can get more than five or six millions from manufactured goods, and, if he cannot show this, will he explain how he means to pay for Old Age Pensions? Lastly, if he cannot show how he will pay for Old Age Pensions, will he admit that his denunciations of the Budget are merely theatrical, and that, if he is to keep his pledges, he has no alternative but to accept it?

These are the practical and serious questions that Mr. Balfour has to face before he can attack Mr. Ure with effect. We cannot forbear to add that this sudden passion for high standards of political controversy sits ill on Mr. Balfour. What is there that has been said on the Liberal side that approaches in audacity or in political unscrupulousness to the famous declaration that every vote given for a Liberal is a vote given to the Boers? In virtue of this formula Mr. Balfour's party swept the country in 1900, Mr. Balfour held power for five years, and used it, among other things, to carry measures bitterly repudiated by thousands of Nonconformists who had voted for his party on the strength of a clear understanding that they were voting only on the settlement of South Africa. In face of the history of the Education Act, Mr. Balfour cannot complain if his undertakings are scrutinised, and if men ask not only what he promises but what means he has of carrying out his promises. Nor could any one of living statesmen have less title than Mr. Balfour to complain, as he complains in the speech which belabored Mr. Ure, of interruptions at public meetings. He may have forgotten his cynical justification of the riot at Scarborough, when Mr. Cronwright Schreiner was stopped by a mob from telling Englishmen what a great body of South African Colonists thought about the war. But those who hear him talk solemnly of the disgrace done by such methods to a free country have not forgotten it. Mr. Balfour is not the man to take the high line on these questions. He has not the reputation or the record which justifies the attitude of censor.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

AFTER a lull of several months the European situation is once more disagreeably interesting. When Lord Rosebery made his feverish speech about the "hush in Europe," it was still possible to hope that the momentary pause which succeeded the Balkan crisis might have been used by a constructive statesmanship to smooth away the causes of resentment. Russia had been decisively checked and was suffering from a visible fatigue. France, which had declined throughout the long wrangle

to adopt an extreme or irreconcilable attitude, was manifestly anxious to preserve good relations with Austria. It was equally clear that a reaction had declared itself in this country against the unmeasured resentment which Austria's action had originally caused. The Foreign Office and the Court seemed both to be feeling towards a reconciliation, and the "Times" frankly reflected the change of mood. But the events of the past week have taught us that Russia at least is prepared neither to forget nor to dissemble. That the Tsar should have visited the King of Italy would in itself have seemed the most natural and innocent of courtesies. The visit would have taken place six years ago had not the Italian Socialists put their veto upon it. It had been expected and discounted for many months. It need under normal conditions have meant no more than the visits paid to King Edward, the Kaiser, and President Fallières earlier in the present year. The Tsar is manifestly anxious to break down the popular sentiment which has hitherto opposed his visits alike in England, France, and Italy. We regret for our part that this sentiment should be weakened. But nothing could be more natural than the Tsar's anxiety to emerge from this unofficial boycott. The moment, from his standpoint, was cleverly chosen. The mass mind in Italy was dominated by two impulses, which both served to prepare it for the Tsar's coming. It had been deeply touched by the generous aid rendered by a Russian warship after the Sicilian earthquake. It had also used the Jubilee celebrations of the last Lombard campaign to emphasise its abiding distrust of Austria, its restlessness under the obligations of the Triple Alliance, and its preference for any other connection.

Had the Tsar desired only a personal success the way was smooth and clear. But the real significance of his going to Racconigi lay in the route which he chose to follow. For the sake of avoiding all contact with Austria, he chose to make a pilgrimage through half the countries of the Continent. He braved a perilous journey through Poland, and a tedious journey through Germany, Switzerland, and France. No symbolism could have been more obvious or more wounding. It has served to convert what would otherwise have been an inoffensive courtesy and a personal success into something like an insult to Austria. The position of Italy within the Triple Alliance has become in consequence more than ever ambiguous. The Tsar and M. Isvolsky have contrived to advertise the fact that their resentment against Baron Aehrenthal is unrelenting and active.

The best that one can hope is that this manifestation of a rather petty feeling may for the moment satisfy the mind which conceived it. But the consequences of so public a demonstration of ill-will can rarely be confined to a single act. A whole train of resentments and calculations has been set in motion once more. M. Tittoni, one of the least scrupulous of European statesmen, is doubtless asking himself how best he may turn the Tsar's mood to his own account in the Balkans. In Constantinople and in Athens, in Cettigne and in Sofia, groups of adroit and ambitious men are at this moment, we may be sure, adjusting their own manœuvres to the new situation. In every café in Crete and Greece the

thing is being welcomed as Eastern politicians invariably welcome every sign of a rift in the concert. The official press in Austria has preserved a dignified silence, but the less disciplined German organs have been at no pains to conceal their very natural anger. Baron von Aehrenthal is not the man to turn the other cheek, and for years to come the position of affairs in the Near East is only too likely to offer a tempting field to any Power which may wish to assert itself at the expense of another. If the aims of Russia and Italy were merely to check any further aggressions which Austria might contemplate at the expense of Serbia or Montenegro or Turkey, their object would command approval, however little one might like their methods or admire their motives. But unfortunately neither Russia nor Italy is disinterested. The one has, or has had, designs upon Persia and the Dardanelles, and the other upon Tripoli and Albania. Modern diplomacy is rarely satisfied to defend the *status quo*. Its method is more commonly to arrange that if others disturb the unstable equilibrium, it shall secure for itself some part of the spoils. It is not uncharitable to suppose that the resentment of M. Isvolsky and Signor Tittoni against Austria is due less to her success in turning the Eastern crisis to account than to their own failure to profit by it.

The moral for the rest of Europe is patent. This sentimental journey round Austria to Savoy means that we all stand precisely where we have stood through four restless years. Europe is divided into two camps, and all her energies are bent upon a struggle to modify the uncertain balance of power. Once more the Germans are complaining that the Powers of the Triple *Entente* are bent upon isolating her by "debauching" Italy from her alliance. No share of the immediate responsibility for this latest phase in the game of "penning in" can be ascribed either to Sir Edward Grey or to M. Pichon. Both of them, indeed, have been anxious of late to repair the breach with Austria. But Russia, for her own purposes, and in her own way, is none the less following a precedent set for her at different times by both her partners. It may not suit us that she should choose this particular moment to assert herself, but we may none the less be involved in some of the possible consequences of her act. Nor can we forget that, while she is disturbing Europe, reaction still dominates her domestic affairs. Her Cossacks have just carried their menace of impending trouble into Finland; her advance guard has settled into permanent winter quarters on Persian soil; the Governor of Odessa, fresh from a conversation with the Tsar, has boasted in a public proclamation of the utter impotence of the Duma; the Bills establishing religious toleration are said to have been withdrawn; the chief of the "Black Hundreds," accused of murder before the Finnish Courts, has been covered with the Tsar's protection. It is intolerable that we should be forced in the wake of such a Power into some new phase of the Continental adventure. France is clearly in a pacific mood. If there is the smallest prospect of reaching with Germany such an arrangement as Lord Courtney has advocated, the resentment of M. Isvolsky must not be allowed to fetter our initiative.

A LETTER TO A BUSINESS-MAN ON THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION NOW PENDING, FROM THE THREAT OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS TO REJECT THE BUDGET.

II.

POWER OF THE LORDS TO AMEND THE BUDGET.

This must be regarded as out of the question. The precedent of 1678 still stands, a more ancient and definite precedent than many in our existing constitution, as, for example, the abuse of the King's veto, the responsibility of Ministers to Parliament, the unity of the Cabinet, and the like. That it is still an active and working principle is shown by the Speaker's ruling of but yesterday on the subject. It is safe to say that, if this precedent is abandoned, the House of Lords can have no other object than Revolution in view. To strike at a precedent of this kind is to bring down the whole fabric of our constitutional customs at a blow. It would be quite as reasonable, or unreasonable, for the Minister to hold office for seven years with a minority in the Commons. The one exactly resembles the other; in the one case a chamber, in the other a Minister, are consumed by a selfish interest or a passion for independence, and would exercise it to the detriment of the State, and to the defiance of the Constitution.

POWER OF THE LORDS TO REJECT THE BUDGET.

The grounds urged are that extraneous matter is contained in the Budget, namely, a Land Valuation Bill and a Licensing Bill. The candid historian—who differs from the politician—will not deny that the inclusion of these two Bills was no doubt influenced by the rejection of the Scottish Land Bills and the English Licensing Bill. This, however, does not affect the real point; the manoeuvres of politicians may be temporal, but the principles of constitutional interpretation are eternal.

It does not seem possible to deny that the taxation of licences is a fair means of raising revenue, and the inclusion of this measure in the Bill cannot be justly condemned. It is not to the point that the licences might have been taxed less, if an earlier Bill had obtained revenue from them at some previous period. The fact may be true, but the precedent is thereby unaffected.

The question of land valuation is more difficult, but it will be apparent that the point is whether the Lords can fairly complain of its inclusion. Land valuation cannot fairly be called extraneous to finance, and the fact that the principle embodied is of more importance for next year than for this, is of no special moment. If the Commons really have the financial initiative, they alone have the power to decide upon such an expedient.

The real point in both these questions rests on the inclusion of all Budget-taxes in one great Bill, a measure which traces back its precedents to less than fifty years. That the Lords, having acquiesced in 1861, can hardly go back upon this precedent, is obvious. The decision presented to them then could only be settled once, and, that it could only thus be settled is apparent from the nature of the case. Had the Lords then threatened to reject the Budget on the ground of the Paper Duties Bill, and negotiated with the Commons for that purpose, it might have been seen that they did not claim the right of amending, but only of separating, the diverse Bills.

Now, however, that claim cannot stand. There can be no difference between threatening to reject the Budget on the ground of one Bill (for that threatens the principle of amendment), and amendment outright. Hence any attempt to reject an alleged tax, and any threat to reject the Budget on the ground of one or two measures only, must be considered an attempt to amend. In this sense, therefore, it is inadmissible, because that attempt is negative, not by a precedent of more than forty, but by one of more than two hundred, years. In destroying this plant, the peers would not just sever it above the

surface of the ground, they would tear up the roots which have held it firm through the centuries.

GENERAL GROUNDS OF REJECTION.

The more general grounds of rejection are that the Budget is "unprecedented," "involves a revolution," and so forth. The hardest historical fact shows exactly the opposite to be true, that the precedents are entirely against rejection, and that the revolution will be created by those who reject it. It may be regarded as very doubtful whether the Lords have any right to consider or to criticise the details of the Budget as such, if we adhere to precedent. No one, who has not studied it, would believe the extent of the financial subservience of the Lords to the Commons in the past. Any change in that attitude towards finance, while quite new, is founded on the situation created by the extension of the franchise in 1867 and 1884. The defence of such claim is that democracy, having won its way to the Commons, has found its best and truest and most permanent representatives in the Lords. The change has been startling. Those individuals, who are without any constituents, are the first to remind members of their duty to their electors; and those, who have so often defied the popular will, now proclaim themselves the champions of it. This doctrine may serve one political party and enrage another, but it can hardly impress the historian. Reduced to its simplest terms, this doctrine in effect is, that the House of Lords, realising that the House of Commons may not always be in exact touch with the people, will use its power to thwart the other Chamber in deference either to its own or the popular interest. This is the real secret of the newly-born aggressiveness of the House of Lords, which had its birth in 1884, its vigorous boyhood between 1892 and 1895, and its exuberant manhood to-day. Within certain limits this doctrine may be sound, the worse degrees of party may possibly be checked, and certain objectionable measures may be vetoed. But it is quite clear that the theory does not cover their ordinary actions. It may cover their passing of the Trade Disputes Bill and rejection of the Education or Licensing Bills, but it cannot convince us that they amended the India Councils Bill or rejected the Cruel Sports Bill out of deference to the people. A sound judgment will therefore suspect these pretensions, and will decline to admit that their attitude in this whole matter is dictated solely by desire to gratify the people. Red caps may be worshipped by the Levites in the outer courts of the Temple, but, if we could penetrate to the Holy of Holies, I suspect that we should find a High Priest prostrate before a coronet. However, whether the instinct be one of self-preservation or of generosity need not concern us; all that is important is that one or other of these impulses has led to renewed vigor on the part of the House of Lords.

The impossibility of rejection on any grounds, except those of the revived activity of the Lords during the last twenty years, can be easily demonstrated. The raising of taxes or of excise upon Resolution of the House of Commons, before the Budget became law, has been exercised for an almost indefinite period. This practice has been increased and extended during this Budget to articles and in certain directions to which it has never before been applied. That these are innovations none will deny, that they are undesirable innovations is a question that may fairly be debated, but it is more important than anything else to recognise that they proceed upon the lines of recognised precedent. It may be—and undoubtedly was—an immense revolution to raise money on resolution of the Commons and not by law, but once the principle was established it was capable of extension. That extension may owe more to party needs than to financial ones, and may be adjusted on tactical rather than on sensible grounds, but that merely raises the relative question of worth or badness—not of legality. From the constitutional point of view, the extension follows the recognised rule of all judicious innovations; it projects a well-marked line somewhat further, it deepens a groove, but it creates neither groove nor line.

The extension of the practice of collecting certain taxes by resolution has been described as an innovation upon an old practice; but that very practice could not have grown up if the Budget had either ever been rejected, or if it had ever entered the minds of men that it could be rejected. The first action of the Lords, if they had objected to this principle when first imposed, would have been to reject the Budget as a whole. The Commons would then have been convicted of illegality, the officers of the Crown exposed to punishments in the Courts. No legislative body would have been willing to adopt such a practice, unless its members had been certain that they could avoid the consequences of their action. A little strict history may be shown to confound much strict law, and it is quite evident from these reflections that the rejection of the Budget is really unconstitutional, in the sense that it sins against every custom, inheritance, and tradition.

That such rejection may be legal is a small point compared with the fact that it is unconstitutional. If we are to rest on the strict letter of the Constitution it is not illegal for the King to use his veto, for the Minister to be impeached or to reign in defiance of the majority in the Commons, for the Lower House to stop supplies. The rejection of the Budget is, in fact, precisely on a level with this last action. Let the Lords remember that at a period of great party heat and of directly unconstitutional action, Fox and North—two politicians not always associated with principle—refused to stop supplies, though they had the power of doing so. Not even at a moment when their dearest wishes were destroyed, and when they had been exposed to unconstitutional treatment by opponents, did these two men strain the resources of the Constitution. They had the power to stop supplies, but deliberately declined, refusing to use the letter to destroy the spirit of the aged institution. It is my dearest hope that the House of Lords and their advocates who advise rejection, may remember this lesson. No Ministry was ever so assailed or denounced as more unscrupulous than this Government of Fox and North, and yet they scrupled to take an action exactly similar to that which is openly advocated to-day by partisans of the Peers.

H. W. V. TEMPERLEY.

(To be continued.)

Life and Letters.

THE FEAR OF SOCIALISM.

WHEN children play at "ghosts" it is often difficult to tell how far they are really frightened and how far they pretend to be frightened. They seem easily to pass from one state into the other, and a mingling of the two is the staple of their enjoyment. But to the sensitive imagination of some children there comes a time when realism swallows up pretence and the pleasure of the feint passes into a sudden panic of terror. It looks as if some of our titled innocents were made like this. At Primrose League picnics, and even at more solemn party gatherings, they used to play with Sir William Harcourt's "We are all Socialists now," with pleasantly simulated apprehension. Now it has got upon their nerves, they are beginning to see red, their eyes start out of their faces and their teeth chatter as their political nurses dress up for them the spectral monster which is to devour their estates, rifle their bank accounts, destroy their churches, break up their families, dissolve their Empire, and hand them over naked to a State which is their enemy.

Lord Rosebery and the other stage artists have daubed the colors on so thick, with such hideous imagery drawn from the French Revolution, the Paris Commune, the revolutionary documents of Bakunin and Marx, Henry George and Mr. Belfort Bax (weird blending of contradictories!), that they must feel some apprehension lest they have overdone their part, producing, instead of

the fighting spirit they intended, a paralysis of fear. If "the end of all things" is so near, so formidable, so inevitable, perhaps resignation is the wisest attitude. It surely does honor to the sturdy character of our landlords and our brewers to suppose that they should show themselves prepared to lead the men of property against so terrible a foe.

It would be interesting, were it possible, to know just how this Socialism appears to those who rave at it, and how far their fear and indignation are genuine. In speculating on this theme we must first remember the hopeless ignorance of the movements of modern European history in which most of our educated classes are brought up, and how little they attempt to understand the broader tendencies of the political and industrial nation to which they belong. Such ignorance almost lets us suppose it possible that a company of country squires or City merchants can contemplate the establishment of an era of revolutionary Socialism under the joint leadership of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Keir Hardie as a contingency which calls for the heroic efforts of all patriotic citizens to avert it. We say "almost," because the catastrophic has for so many generations been banished so completely from our internal history as to make it hard to believe that even the asseverations of a dozen dukes could make it credible.

But if we hold that the Socialism charged against the Government is not exactly red revolution, wholesale confiscation, and the immediate establishment of the State as the sole instrument of production, distribution, and exchange, what is it? What are its ingredients, the rags and tinsel which are worked up into this terrifying image? It is not difficult to answer this question. The first and most poignant quarrel of the business man and the householder with the public authority is the rise of rates. The city swoops down upon him and extorts a growing share of his income. It may clean, light, and police his streets better, provide parks and public baths and libraries, cheap trams or other services, which he would grumble about if he did not get them. But he hates to have to pay. This enlargement of municipal life also means more inspection and regulation, officials poking their noses into "private" affairs. Then the leading citizens have a third grievance, their growing expropriation from the highly lucrative monopolies in the supply of lighting, water, and other services which formerly they sold to their fellow-citizens by their private companies. Such is the substance of their outcry against municipal Socialism. The recent electoral success attending the outcry in London and certain other cities has encouraged the party of vested interests to elevate it into a national alarm. So we are told English Liberalism has sold itself to Socialism, to a policy of confiscating private property in land, seizing the money of the rich to endow the poor, stifling by predatory taxes and vexatious administration the incentives to profitable industry, providing lucrative jobs for hordes of officials, and supplying maintenance on easy terms for the lazy and incapable. A number of legislative achievements and proposals are commonly cited in support of this charge, many of them, curiously enough, proceeding from Conservative sources. But an endeavor is now made to sever such enlargements of the State as are contained in Factory and Public Health Acts, or free education, from the new Socialism of which the Budget is the financial instrument. Lord Hugh Cecil recently laid his finger upon three salient illustrations of this Socialism—Old Age Pensions, the Development Bill, and the new fiscal doctrine of a scrutiny into origins of property and income. Now, though Lord Hugh was wildly wrong in his deductions, he was right in his examples. For these three measures do indicate, not indeed Socialism, but a new enlightened Liberalism seeking to perform its long neglected tasks. Old Age Pensions are the first instalment of an organised policy to put an end to destitution and degrading poverty, and to secure a minimum standard of work and life for all sections of the people. The Development Bill contains the potency and promise of a continuous policy of utilising public intelligence, energy, and finance, in order to improve the fabric of the common-

wealth by undertaking such works of construction, transport, education, and the like, as lie outside the sphere of private business enterprise. It would be easy to contend that there is nothing new or revolutionary in either of these designs, and that they are concerned as much with the conservation as with the development of our national resources. But what is new is this, that they are for the first time conceived as designs, as steps in a planned advance, as parts of a new enlarged conception of the functions of the State.

And this larger determined purpose is dramatically indicated in the nature of the Finance Bill. For that Bill not merely takes more money from those who have ability to pay; it furnishes instruments of public information which will enable the State to get more revenue in the future, it imposes taxes expressly designed to fructify in after years, and lastly, as Lord Hugh rightly urges, it establishes a scrutiny of origins as a new taxing principle. Hence these tears and curses! A correct instinct directs the fiercest resentment of the rich against those portions of the Finance Bill that are concerned with origins, which claim contributions on the express ground that certain incomes or increments are not earned by those who receive them, and by necessary implication are earned by, and therefore belong by right to, the public. Here is the heart of what they not unnaturally deem an attack upon existing rights of property.

Although not the first conscious object of the Budget, which simply sought to find the easiest ways of securing the necessary revenue, this new interpretation of the rights of property by reference to origins is a really radical reform. Confined at present to certain instances of land values, liquor licences, and to the implication underlying the discriminative rates of income and inheritance tax, it will show further developments in the near future. For, as upon the one hand the needs of public expenditure, whatever economy be practised, will constantly advance, so on the other hand the land valuation, and the nicer information as to other forms of wealth furnished by income tax returns, census of production, and other modes of publicity, will enable our State to extend from land to other forms of property the public right to share in unearned increments. Thus the chief grievance which rankles in the minds of Mr. Balfour and of Mr. Harold Cox, the discrimination between land values and other sorts of investment, will be relieved, considerably to the advantage of the public purse.

Those who insist upon calling this new policy to which Liberalism is now committed, "Socialism," will probably continue to do so. This is a free country, and some persons prefer loose language. But, in point of fact, it is nothing else than a more rational and ordered realisation of that alliance between individual liberty and collective or co-operative effort which has gone on continuously from the beginning of the State, demanding a repeated re-adjustment of the respective spheres of action, and in modern civilised communities a constant enlargement of public operations. This is required partly to safeguard individual liberty against encroachments of landed or capitalistic monopoly, partly to secure society against the physical and moral degradation of poverty, and partly to carry out important works which from their size, nature, or directly unprofitable character, will not be undertaken effectively by private enterprise. The revenue required for such portions of this work as is not specifically remunerative will be got by such scrutiny into origins of incomes as are needed to reclaim for society the social earnings that constitute its rightful income.

THE COULISSES OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

It has rarely been the habit of mankind to think meanly of the after-life. Tradition has framed of it notions which were by turns terrible and sublime, and in this at least the humaner religions have agreed, that its pleasures are ecstasies, and its pains are torments. One possibility the natural mind of civilised man has

never faced. It has never dreamed that the after-life may be trivial, sordid, and contemptible. It has calmly faced the alternative of ineffable joy and unimagined suffering. But it has never allowed itself to suppose that the disembodied spirit may have before it a career that is meaningless and unworthy. The Greeks, perhaps, came the nearest to this thought. The jibbering ghosts of Homer are futile and pitiable shadows, and the ancients, until they came under Oriental influence, assuredly did not think of the after-life as a desirable state. It is Dostoevsky in modern times who has given a fantastic expression to this hideous possibility which mankind has spent its centuries in evading. He drew in "Crime and Punishment" the astonishing portrait of the drunken wife-beater, Mr. Svidrigailoff, who on one occasion gave vent to the horrible opinion that eternity may resemble a large and ill-kept bath-room, full of spiders. That nightmare serves at least a negative purpose. It reveals to us in a flash the resolute optimism of our species. Men have denied the after-life. They have imagined the absorption of the soul in the Absolute. They have conceived of its procession through vistas of incarnations and hierarchies of advancing perfection. They have sketched their paradises and their infernos. But it was left to an extravagant creature of fancy in the pages of a Russian novel to suggest that the after-life may be merely sordid and uninteresting.

It is, one fancies, this unconquerable megalomania, this conspiracy to hope, which chiefly accounts for the reluctance of the normal mind to investigate the revelations of spiritualism. The intellect which has discarded the traditional Heaven and Hell would rather a thousand times acquiesce in the possibility of extinction, or comfort itself with some vague and improved hypothesis of its own, than stray in the company even of distinguished scientists into this degraded after-life. One must begin by establishing an intimacy with hysterics. One must skirt the probability of the basest fraud. And in the end, if the revelation comes, it is of a continued existence so futile, so unhallowed, that immortality on these terms would be of all gifts the least desirable. So far from desiring to explore and inhabit this realm, the mind which has any regard for its own dignity would rather cast about for the means of committing a permanent suicide. It is not the will to live, the passion for continuity which would lure a virile intellect into these enfeebling studies. They may indeed point to the conclusions which Wallace and Lombroso have drawn from them. But the bias of a normal human being would certainly be to reject all but the most overwhelming burden of proof, and to accept it, if acceptance were inevitable, as one might accept from one's doctor a verdict of approaching insanity.

The evidence has been collected afresh by Lombroso in a book which appeared, by an uncanny coincidence, in its English version, within a day of his death.* It comes as the last work of a powerful mind which had already outlived its prestige. It was an ardent intellect which framed its theories boldly but too hastily, and spent its powers in compelling facts and observations to march in a too disciplined phalanx. But the honor and good faith of the man were never in doubt, and Italy will never forget his courage in exposing the share of the landed class in producing the diseases of the peasantry. In so far as the experiments and records in this book rest on his own testimony, corroborated, as most of it is, by distinguished colleagues, it will encounter no brutal scepticism. The volume is a storehouse of facts which present their problems to the patient reader. It is the rash and uncritical structure of interpretation which deserves to be carefully scanned. It is probable that when all the phenomena of hysteria and its developments in the trances of mediums have been fully investigated, the consequences may be an even completer transformation of our conceptions of the relation of matter and mind, than the phenomena of radiation have brought about in physics. But until that investigation is completed it would be folly to assume that the hysterical medium

really is in relation with the disembodied or partially embodied spirits of the dead. The purely physiological marvels are puzzling enough. There is, for example, the apparent transference of the organs of sense in some cases of acute hysteria from one part of the body to another; vision, for example, will have its seat in the tip of the nose. There is also the apparent extension of the sense of touch for an inch or more beyond the surface of the skin. Thought-reading and clairvoyance, however little we may yet be able to explain it, falls presumably within the same class of abnormal but not supernatural manifestations. Of authenticated cases of prediction Lombroso has collected some striking instances which it is difficult to dismiss as mere chance. But if any mind can defy the limitations of time, that mind may as well be that of the hysteric himself as of some disembodied spirit. The real difficulties begin when we have to face the vulgar manifestations of *séances* conducted with a "medium." Tables are raised apparently without human agency; heavy wardrobes advance along the floor like monstrous and primeval animals; hands touch and strike or caress the assistants; notes are played on mandolines or trumpets suspended from the roof. It is one's first instinct to scoff at all such stories. There have been many undoubted cases of fraud, and one is justly suspicious of "experiments" carried out in darkness. But there is a good deal of evidence which cannot be easily dismissed. Most of the more startling "manifestations" have been repeated in daylight, and the lifting of the table has been frequently photographed. The more reputable mediums have operated under every condition which ingenuity could suggest, tied up in sacks or in netting, or with their arms, legs, and bodies enveloped in electric wires, which would have rung a bell at the slightest movement. Most of the experiments which Lombroso records were carried out by a committee of Italian scientists who all had serious reputations to lose.

So far no mind which respected the economy of causes would go to the spirit world for an explanation. It is natural to resort to that hypothesis only when one faces the evidence regarding the visible and usually tangible though almost "fluid" spectres which some of the more gifted mediums are said to "materialise." Some of them are said to be more or less permanent, reappearing continuously for weeks or even years, and exhibiting a consistent personality which is not that of the medium in her waking state. Several have been photographed, sometimes under conditions which are said to have satisfied reputable experts. Fraud is, of course, the easiest explanation, if one chooses to assume the unlimited folly of scientific men who in other spheres have made great reputations. To believe in disembodied spirits is also easy, because it is a return to a primeval habit of thought.

There is, however, another possible line of explanation, and Lombroso unconsciously supplies it. He insists that he and his colleagues have seen a spectral third arm forming under their eyes from the body of the medium. The permanent "spirits" also seemed to form themselves out of her body, though they gradually detached themselves from it. The medium in such cases underwent an astonishing loss of weight, which continued throughout the *séance*. Is it an impossibly bold guess to suggest that what really happened—if anything happened at all save fraud and illusion—was a disintegration of the medium's personality? Such splitting up of personality is of all the phenomena of hysteria the most common. It is not easy to imagine how such disintegration of the mind might in certain conditions be accompanied by a parallel disintegration of the body. But it is even harder to suppose that the alien "soul" of a dead person can clothe itself with a portion of the substance of the medium. The spectre, in short, if it is real at all, if it is a phenomenon for which sane men have got to account, may be a manifestation, not of immortality, but simply of hysteria. It would on that showing be none the less marvellous and none the less shattering to our accepted notions of matter and spirit. It is difficult in any case to guess how even the less disputable phenomena of hysteria can be explained without a revolution hardly less complete in all our theories. But this hypothesis would at least save us

* "After Death—What?" By Cesare Lombroso. Fisher Unwin.

from the monstrous conclusion to which Lombroso and his fellow-spiritualists would drive us—that we survive after death like phantoms in a mad-house, the sport of diseased mediums, the parasites of the living, fit neither for Heaven nor Hell, the restless tenants of a mean Limbo.

WITH HORN AND HOUND.

It is an ironic jest that the boy fondest of animals should be made a butcher; yet in the sportsman, who is the butcher as amateur, the jest turns to simple earnest. Every sportsman has a tender affection for the thing he sets out to kill, and William the Conqueror, "loving the wild deer as though he were their father," laid Hampshire waste for their habitation. What praises and endearments have been lavished on all beasts of the chase, from lions down to sheep, if only they provided sport! The fox is loved as a knavish rascal, the badger is belauded if he bites, and the pig glorified to heroism because he dies so game. One might have supposed that the desire to hunt implied hatred, for among ourselves persecution is seldom the evidence of esteem. Yet the present writer has seen a Yorkshire huntsman take a hare from before the very mouths of the pack, and, if it were still "wick," lay it in his coat pocket as tenderly as in a hospital bed; nor has he himself ever felt the smallest animosity towards anything he has attempted to kill, except, perhaps, towards crocodiles and men.

Whether it is more justifiable to pursue a creature to death when you love it than when you hate, must be left to the moralist, but certainly the wisdom of civilisation has inclined to think it is. When man warded off pleiocene dragons with a knob of stone attached to a fibre lest it should be lost, or when he hacked bits from the mammoth with a sliver of flint clamped in a cleft stick, he was inspired to those actions rather by terror or hunger than by love. Love came with pleasure and grew with safety. It dawned with the use of the bow that made the infliction of death possible at a re-assuring distance from the monster's jaws. Then only could sport begin, for the admixture of safety does ever add pleasure, and the addition of pleasure to a struggle involving death constitutes the element of sport. By the time that history produced Assyria, we see Sennacherib driving out in brazen chariot, surrounded by huntsmen and dogs, to transfix lions and lionesses with his royal arrows, while only the horses were ever clawed, and the king himself twanged his bow in Imperial composure. It is evident that necessity had then become a joy, if not a virtue. Neither fear nor hunger any longer animated the king, but he killed for pleasure in the exercise of skill, and was conscious of hardy virtue in returning to the simple life. The chase had become to him what it still is to Mr. Roosevelt—"the best of all national pastimes," and it is but human to feel a certain affection for beasts that afford so much delight and such opportunities for virtue at comparatively little risk. With civilisation the risk has continually decreased, and we must suppose the affection growing, till the paradox of modern sportsmen is reached, who so love the creatures they kill that they seek rather to augment than diminish the dangers of killing them.

Such artifice in pleasure, like the deliberate savagery of bare heads and sandals, marks a self-conscious degeneracy, and, like the collection of decaying skulls as "trophies," or the enumeration of record slaughter in books, foreshadows the cheerless day when there will be nothing worth hunting left upon the globe, as there is little left in Europe now. We come late for the glory of the chase. The golden age for sportsmen fell in the century just before gunpowder gave them an advantage which has depopulated the forests and killed their joy. They were then indeed the kings and paragons of animals, happy in this world, and secure of the world to come. One of the finest sportsmen that ever snuffed the morning thus wrote of himself and his fellows before the noise of guns had terrified the woodland:—

"Hunting causeth a man to eschew the seven deadly sins.
... All good customs and manners cometh thereof, and the

health of man and of his soul. For he that fleeth the seven deadly sins as we believe, he shall be saved: therefore a good hunter shall be saved, and in this world have joy enough and of gladness and of solace."

And, a little later on, the author writes:—

"Wherefore I say that such an hunter is not idle, he can have no evil thoughts, nor can he do evil works, wherefore he must go straight into paradise."

Having thus comfortingly assured the sportsman of salvation, the writer proceeds, something after the manner of Chaucer, whom he knew and admired, to depict the sportsman's terrestrial joys. As we should sing, "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky," or "The dusky night rides down the sky, and ushers in the moon," so he breaks into lyric:—

"Now shall I prove how hunters live in this world more joyfully than any other men. For when the hunter riseth in the morning, and he sees a sweet and fair morn and clear weather and bright, and he heareth the song of the small birds, the which sing so sweetly with great melody and full of love, each in its own language in the best wise that it can according that it learneth of its own kind." (The sentence is lost in transport.) "And when the sun is risen, he shall see fresh dew upon the small twigs and grasses, and the sun by his virtue shall make them shine. And that is great joy and liking to the hunter's heart."

The passage comes from that earliest and best of guides to sport, written in choice English by Edward, Duke of York, who after all his hunting was slain in the cruel venery of Agincourt. To his cousin, Henry IV., he was Master of Game, and to merry Prince Hal he dedicated his book, under that title of "Master of Game," it being in the main a translation from the "*Livre de Chasse*," by his friend, Gaston de Foix, known as Phœbus for his golden hair and debonaire nature, to both of which together a bear put a bloody period in the forest shade. But of late, to the solace of all tender-hearted slayers of beasts, Mr. Baillie-Grohman has issued, through Messrs. Chatto and Windus, a cheaper form of his great edition of the book, with illustrations from the most beautiful of contemporary French manuscripts. Wherein we may still learn, as from life, the nature of hare and hart, and how to quest in the dawn for game (an easy task when one can hardly see the wood for the stags); how to set the lymer on the fues, to pursue with raches, to blow the mort, to prescribe the hart's undoing, and reward the hounds with the curée.

To give the book a stamp of high authority befitting its royal origin, the editor has induced ex-President Roosevelt to contribute a preface. With characteristic rigour he denounces the effeminacy of modern sport:—

"Shooting at driven game," he writes, "on occasions when the day's sport includes elaborate feasts in tents on a store of good things brought in wagons or on the backs of sumpter mules, while the sport itself makes no demand upon the prowess of the so-called sportsman, is but a diabolical parody upon the stern hunting life in which the man trusts to his own keen eye, stout thighs, and heart of steel for success and safety in the wild warfare waged against wild nature."

And at the end of his preface Mr. Roosevelt sings the joys of "the wilderness wanderer of our own time":—

"The man who with simple equipment, and trusting to his own qualities of head, heart, and hand, has penetrated to the uttermost regions of the earth, and single-handed slain alike the wariest and the grimmest of the creatures of the waste."

It is all very well; the picture of Mr. Roosevelt waging wild warfare against wildest wapiti with a Winchester, or slaying alike the wariest and the grimmest rhinoceros of the waste in Uganda, is a strenuous and instructive scene. But we turn back with some relief from that wilderness wanderer to Edward, Duke of York, who found in the morning air of England the great joy and liking of a hunter's heart, and describes the hunter's pleasure at coming home at night, when "he shall doff his clothes and his shoes and his hose, and shall wash his thighs and his legs, and peradventure all his body."

Many other fine observances of the hunter's life may be learnt from his book, for, indeed, the ritual of the chase was almost as accurate as the Church, and as elaborate as chivalry. Much also we may learn of the nature of the creatures by whose pursuit Providence had arranged that the hunter should enter straight into paradise. We may learn how harts can live a hundred

years by rousing serpents to anger and swallowing them quick, whereby their venom purges the body of evil humors; and how the wild boar's tusks on the upper jaw only serve as grindstones for the lower; and how the she-wolf, with feminine instinct, always chooses the poorest and raggedest of her followers for her mate, because she sees he has suffered most for love of her; and how when she has her cubs she hides the family food lest the he-wolf should eat it all; and how foxes are not true sport, but vermin to be killed by any means; and how, if any beast hath the devil's spirit in him, without doubt it is the cat, both the wild and the tame. We are also instructed in the management of hounds, and how the "worm" under the tongue should be cut out as a preventative to madness—a treatment common in the present writer's youth, and probably still practised, though rather to prevent barking than madness. We are told of the two kinds of alaunte—the gentle and the butcher, which seem to have combined as ancestors of the British bull-dog, since both "helped at the baiting of the bull, for it was their nature to hold fast."

Finally, we may here learn all the variety of strange Norman cries which English sportsmen still used to mark each incident of the chase: "Cy va, cy va" (which might possibly be the origin of the north-country "Sitha, lad, sitha!" when the first sign of game is seen); or "Le douce, mon ami, le douce," which now is "Whist, boy, whist!"; or "Oyez à Beaumont, oyez," which is "Hark to him! Hark away!"; or "Illoques, illoques," which is "Yoicks!"

THE CITY GARDEN.

If the sixty-four squares of the chess board should be taken as so many square miles, they would rather more than cover the four-mile radius but still fall short of the county of London. We should still have to add huge tracts of brick-and-mortar in order to get the idea of the actual London that includes East and West Ham, Tottenham, Enfield, and many other dormitories of business and working-men. A chess-board of a hundred and forty-four square miles would give us some concept of this town, and if every white square should be made into a park or recreation ground it would be not such a bad town to live in. As a matter of fact, the four great parks of the West End would about make one square green and sprawl half-way through two others, and if we went eastward we should have to trudge very far before we came upon anything like a quarter-square break in the almost unending sea of mean and very mean streets.

The black square nearest the middle of the board may stand for the City. A pin dipped in green ink would suffice to trace on its blackness all the trees and gardens within it, which shows how very precious the City garden is. Right in the middle of Cheapside a stout-hearted plane runs its roots under the pavements and foundations and lifts its peeled branches into the sometimes sunny air. Do not despise its cracked and scabby bark. Only by throwing off in great scales its smoke-choked skin can the plane keep itself healthy in our peculiar atmosphere. And your tall tree cutting the blue sky into diamonds with translucent green is not everything. Right into this middle of Cheapside that very bird of the wild, the wood-pigeon, comes, builds its rustic nest in the branches of the plane, and feeds squeaking youngsters over the heads of the City men whose passing to and fro keeps the pavement hot. The wood-pigeon that men are lying in not very hopeful wait for now in the thick of beech woods all over wildest England! Wood-pigeon, cushat, queest, says the book, but we have heard it called quist, sometimes with a short "i," but in the purest vernacular with the vowel as open and uncompromising as in "ice." "What," said a West countryman to a Yorkshireman he had met in the far North-West of Canada, "Thee dussent know what quisteses be!" and he laughed loud and long at the limitations of some folk's knowledge. But we have seen the eye of the Yorkshireman, just as the eye of any other countryman, brighten at the sight of the wild wood-

pigeon walking the rare sward and even the tiles of central London. In his "Visit to Aesculapius," Sir E. J. Poynter has painted a group of the ordinary courtyard doves, and then one portly "quist" comes floating down to join them at the feast. It may be that this wild bird among the tame was put there as a tribute to the skill of the great doctor, it may be that it just got there from a chance group of London pigeons that caught the artist's eye. At any rate, the bird has got into an important national record, as once or twice did the kite of old, a London bird that has ceased to be.

Whether or no the Cheapside pair of pigeons are worth the whole flock of the St. Paul's pigeons hard by, is a question to be fought out between the sentimentalist and the mere lover of beauty. Surely nothing is more beautiful than the wild eddying of the common domestic pigeon round this smoke-blackened and rain-washed pile. They exhibit most of the varieties caused by domestication, though scarcely any of the eccentricities of form that the breeder has grafted on the graceful wild form, and authorities say that year by year the flock more and more reverts to the ancestral uniform of the "blue rock." The swelling dome of St. Paul's is as much their own wild domain as the cliffs of Scarborough ever were, but Olympians friendlier to the mortals that crawl round its base it would be impossible to imagine.

The gardens in which bird and man meet are but the thinnest of green lines between the majesty of the cathedral and the insistent, sordid traffic of the street. At first it seems impossible to shut out the sound and the sight of the motor 'bus. It is a sight of some of the old foundations that date from beyond the great fire that performs this magic. These noble fragments peeping hard and true from the velvet of the grass are enough to make the least of us psychometrists. If we dared sit on one of them we should see the whole pageantry of Tudor London go by, and find Roman chariots far more credible than electrobuses and steam trolleys. Round by the quiet of the north side more distinctively called "the Churchyard" we can, without magic aid, forget awhile the call of the City. With a book on a sun-smitten seat, the junior clerk or the young lady from the fur house can spend a better lunch hour than the most sybaritic of employers. The sparrows are the waiters, little birds of a far deeper brown than at the farm where we were born, and of infinitely greater trust in human kindness. In London, the sparrow has to be skylark, nightingale, flycatcher. Throw a crumb into the air and see him flutter up and take it as neatly as a swallow does a fly. Having thrown the last crumb, hear him chirrup his grace after meat. Wait a little and see Philip, at almost any month in the year, strut his wings upon the ground and become rigid under the influence of the grand passion. Yet it is left for the artists of Japan to do justice to this most valiant of birds.

An archer could have sent his shaft from old St. Paul's towards Aldersgate Street, and let it fall into a far quieter garden, the then burial ground of St. Botolph, now known as the Postmen's Park. Here in the midst of the noiseless industry of the parcels office is peace indeed. The fountain in the middle has gold fish, of course, but it has more than that. A young man leans over and looks hard into its shadows, then tosses his head with a tiny air of something solved. He has identified the gloomier forms of a couple of dace, possibly the remnants of some pike-fishing expedition that a postman has put there. In this pond also are many of the really wild water weeds. Water plantain rears its dainty inflorescence, hornwort pushes in the depths, and other pond weeds "occur" here as though they had perfect right. Most of us refrain from peering for details, and get deeper rest by sitting in the Temple of Honor and drinking in the general air. Behind us are emblazoned on tiles the names of some fifty heroes of common life, whose deeds have no other monument. Sometimes a familiar name such as that of the Stella, but for the most part just people who have stepped out of the crowd to stop a runaway horse, snatch a sister from drowning or a tiny brother from the flames. Boys and girls of tender

age have their names there side by side with engineers and a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, in one splendid democracy of all ages and every class. Their good deeds stretch out hands of blessing over those seated beneath them in a half-hour's oblivion of the driving world outside.

All round this quarter-acre of peace rise the tall buildings of the General Post Office. They are packed with the parcels that some of the resters must soon go to handle, and men pass without noise up and down the iron staircases that cross the windows. From the tree overhead a few dead leaves come slowly filtering down. One of them bears the tell-tale snippet-mark of a leaf-cutter bee, and we remember to have seen two of these insects playing here in the hot sunshine of a few months ago. The dahlias are bitten with caterpillars, and here may some entomological postman get specimens of more than one moth. One evening last summer, many adventurous May beetles were flying round the street lamps outside, and snipe and other strange visitors have been picked up alive not many yards away. The garden in the depth of a City gold-mine touches and attracts, like the wireless telegraph pole, the great wide forces of Nature that no fork yet forged by man can quite expel.

Short Studies.

MILKING.

THE end of April was sappy, careless, and profuse. One day it was all eagerness and energy and gave no rest to the wind and the sun, in the earth or in the waters or in the clouds of the sky, and the songs of the birds were a mad medley. Another day it was indolent: a soft grey sky without form covered all; there was no wind; the birds were still; the lusty, buxom spring, a pretty and merry slut, with her sleeves and skirts tucked up and her hair down over her eyes and shoulders, had fallen asleep in the midst of her toil and nothing could waken her but a thunderstorm in the night. The next day she was simply at play with showers and sunlight, sunlight and showers, at play with sky and earth as if they were but colored silks, and now she fluttered the white and blue and green together and then, wearying of that, held up the grey and the grey-white and the green, and lastly mingled all together inextricably. For the most part she preferred not to let either go quite out of sight; when the heavy rain fell on the rustling wood it was out of a sky serene, lustrous, and mild; and when the light was steady and the rain tripping away from it upon myriad feet down among the leaves to the earth, still the shadows of the rain clouds stole like smoke over the hills. There was a gamesome spirit abroad. It was seen in the amorous conflict of rain and sun, and heard in the cry of the titmouse along the hedge: "Fitchy! fitchy!"

Rain or not, always far away in the south there was a cluster of white peaks apparently belonging to a land that knew neither our sun nor our rain. Rain or sunshine, or both, made little difference to the shed at the cross roads. It was shadowy and old under a roof that was patched and hollowed like the sail of a ship. The door was open, but on either side the piles of dung were high and long, and allowed the sun to enter the shed only for half an hour each day. And now in that half-hour the farmer Weekes was going to milk the last of his seven cows. Until then he had known of the afternoon only that the wind whined in the roof, and that the rain dripped through on to his back at intervals. When the sun at last stepped in between the banks of dung he could see that it was a forward spring. For his eye travelled up between the green walls of the road to the hills four miles away, and there the beech trees were almost in perfect leaf, and in their dense ranks resembled a flock of sheep with golden fleeces descending the slope. Yet it wanted a week before May-day. The grass was good, and already the cows were clean and bright after

their winter in the yard; and, having looked at his hands alongside the white and strawberry hide of the cow, he got up and wiped them on a wisp of grass beside the door. He stood there a moment—a tall, crooked man, with ever-sparkling eyes in a nubby and bony head, worn down by sun and toil and calamity to nothing but a stone, hollowed and grey, to which his short black hair clung like moss; in his starved fields you might have found a weathered flint of the same shape, and have said that it was much like a man's head. He stretched himself, and then turned and called the cow by her name, in a voice so deep and powerful that it was as if the whole shed and not a man's chest had uttered it.

He sat down again to milk and to think, with his face turned to the sun. He was thinking of the farmhouse under those woods on the hill, where he used to go courting twenty years ago, and of the girl, the only daughter of that house, who was now his wife. He had driven over there one day in his father's cart to see about some pigs. The old man had given him supper—honey and bread and butter, cold apple dumplings with cheese, and cowslip wine. It was a wonderful quiet house, very dark under tall beeches, with a quality in the dark, still air as if it were under water, but very clean and bright with china and brass and the white tablecloth and the old man's white beard and glittering blue eyes. He knew that the old man was failing to make both ends meet, but there was no sign of it; he spoke with a cheerful gravity, and there was a look about house and man as if they were apart from the world, and not subject to such accidents as failure of crops, cattle disease, and the like. They had done their business, and at the end of a long silence he was thinking of rising to go, when Emily, the daughter, came in without noticing him, kissed her father, and said, "Father, there is a white bird in the old apple tree of the rickyard singing like a blackbird. Yet 'tis as white as milk."

"Well, we will all come and see," said the old man, and then she saw that a stranger was there, and with a blush she retreated and opened the door. As she was shutting it she turned round out of curiosity, thus revealing her own face to the stranger, but seeing nothing of his which was in shadow. In a minute or two they went out into the rickyard where the cart was waiting. Emily was patting the horse's neck, but with her face towards the old apple-tree where a white blackbird was singing from the topmost branch. "You will not let them shoot it, father, will you?" she said. The white bird and its song, the girl's fair hair, and rosy face very serious, the unbent old man soon to die, the sombre smouldering old tiles and brick wall of the house, and the high black woods behind, were remembered now. Soon afterwards he had returned to the house, and again and again, avowedly to see Emily. In the late summer they used to walk out after the haymaking was all over, while the nightjar sang and the woods were dark and discreet and the sky above them as pale green as a new-mown field. They went in amongst the untrodden bracken together. He could recall the smell of the crushed fronds where they sat, the light of the near planet between the fox-gloves gushing from the violet sky, and the kisses that were as sweet as the honeysuckle overhanging them, and unlike that, could be tasted again and again without cloying.

And now the cold whine of the wind in the roof and the drip of the rain; and Emily was lying at home, sick, with a dead new-born child in the next room, and a child that he was glad was dead, yes! that even she would not be crying after if she knew what a monstrous mistaken thing had come into the world with their help. Weekes looked at that old farmhouse and the rickyard, and the crushed bracken bower, as if to search, among these things engraved by joy upon his brain, for the devilish magic that had brought about this wretchedness. He looked at her remembered face, scanning it for something to explain this thing, looked closely and fiercely at the face that was turned back towards him in her father's doorway so that he loved her from that day. What! Why! But neither in the young girl nor in the worn woman could he see what he sought. He thought

of their labors, of the six children she had borne and reared, of her rough hands and wrenched voice, of the smearing out of all her prettiness except her hair. He turned it over and over, ruminating, undisturbed by the spurting of the milk into the pail, the trickle of the shower, or the sight of the hills and the clouds over the hills. Yet he did not take his eyes from these hills, nor change the look given to them by his pain and questioning—questioning he knew not what now—the whole order of things, perhaps, from which the terror had sprung unexpected. Having naught for his brain to grip and hold, but only the dead ghastly child lying still and repeating the question, and round about it the moving world of men and Nature, enormous and endless and careless, each effort was weaker than the last, and sorrow brought its narcotic stupidity. It was some time after he had drawn her last milk that the cow licked his face impatiently. He kicked away the stool and began singing a verse of a ribald song which he did not know he had remembered—

"Poor Sally's face is plain,
But Sally's heart is kind—"

And it was so singing that, without wishing it, he returned the question to the teeming womb and grave of the earth, to be swallowed up in the vast profusion of life and death, while the merry maid waved to and fro the colored silks of the sunshine and of the rain, and the titmouse crept through the hedge, crying, waggishly, "Fitchy! fitchy!"

EDWARD THOMAS.

Present-Day Problems.

THE INDIAN DECENTRALISATION REPORT.

By SIR W. WEDDERBURN.

At the beginning of this year the Royal Commission upon Decentralisation in India submitted their report. It is a lengthy document, filling 300 folio pages of the blue-book, besides the nine volumes of evidence; so that we cannot expect the general reader to make himself master of its contents. But as the recommendations therein contained may seriously influence the particulars of Lord Morley's impending scheme of reform, it seems desirable to place before the public a note of the main issues involved.

Speaking generally, the issues, as in all Indian questions, are between European official opinion on the one hand, and independent Indian opinion on the other; the former leaning towards increased departmental "efficiency," the latter towards making the bounds of freedom wider. Both these aspirations are natural and legitimate; and what we want from the Commission is a scrupulously balanced judgment, as between the two. But when we look to the *personnel* of the Commission, we find that a most unfortunate predominance has been given to the representatives of the European official side. Of the six members of the Commission, only one is an Indian, Mr. Dutt, while all, including the Chairman, are of the official class. Independent Indian opinion is therefore wholly unrepresented on the Commission. And this initial defect is aggravated by the fact that the three Anglo-Indian civilians, who constitute half the Commission, belong to the class of headquarters officials, who are little in touch with the people, whose views generally differ from those of the rank and file of the service, and who are mainly responsible for the existing over-centralisation. Also, we must regret that the opportunity was not taken to place on the Commission one or more of the independent members of the House of Commons, such as Sir Henry Cotton, who are accepted authorities regarding Indian affairs on the progressive side.

If we want to find a trustworthy presentment of the case for the Progressives, we must look to the evidence of the unofficial Indian witnesses; and the Commission

would have done wisely if, instead of going, with tedious iteration, into the details of departmental mechanism, they had taken, as the basis of their inquiry, the clear and concise statement of popular claims (Vol. VIII., page 57) placed before them by the Hon. Mr. Gokhale, on behalf of the Bombay Presidency Association. This statement, supported by the high authority of Sir Pherozeshah Mehta, shows in practical fashion where the shoe of over-centralisation pinches; and to obtain fruitful results, the procedure should have been to draw up issues and determine how far these reasonable desires of the people might be satisfied, without (to use the words of the reference) impairing the strength and unity of the Executive power.

It is upon the district and village administration that the every-day comfort of the people chiefly depends. I will therefore quote in full the paragraph in which Mr. Gokhale outlines his scheme with regard to this part of the subject: "Decentralisation in district administration must be accompanied by measures for a larger association of popular representatives with the work of the administration. There is no doubt that, with the multiplication of central departments, and a steady increase in the control exercised by the Secretariat of the provincial Government, the position of the collector as the head of a district has considerably deteriorated. There is also no doubt that the people require more prompt government, and more of it, so to say, on the spot. But this object will not be secured by a mere delegation of larger powers to the collector. The time has gone by when the collector could hope to exercise—and with beneficial results—a kind of paternal authority over his district. The spread of education, the influence of new ideas, the steadily growing power of the vernacular Press, make a return to the benevolent autocracy of the collector of old times impossible. The only remedy lies in carrying a substantial measure of decentralisation down to the villages, and in building up local self-government from there. It will not do to be deterred by the difficulties of the task, or by the possibilities of initial failure. Village Pancháyat must be created. Local and municipal boards must be really popular bodies, and larger resources than they can command at present made available to them. Last, but not least, district councils must be formed, whom the collectors should be bound to consult in all important matters, and with whose assistance they may be empowered to deal, with ever-increasing finality, with questions of district administration on the spot." After thus sketching the general method of district decentralisation, Mr. Gokhale sets forth the constitution and functions of the proposed village organisation, as the natural foundation upon which the edifice of local self-government must be built. The Pancháyat, or village council, consisting of members hereditary, nominated, and elected, is to have the disposal of small money claims, the trial of trivial offences, the management of the village forests, water supply, and sanitation, the supervision of school attendance, the distribution of agricultural advances, and famine relief—in fact, the care, as in old times, of all matters pertaining exclusively to the village. In cases of proved misconduct on the part of the Pancháyat, the collector will have the power of suspension. The village becomes, thus, the first organised unit in the administration; and the two vital principles are established: (1) that everything that can be done in the area shall primarily be done there, and (2) that the control shall be exercised from without, and not from within.

The second unit of administration would be the Taluka, or sub-district, comprising a group of villages. Here the same principles would be applied. The Taluka Board should be a wholly elected body, charged, as at present, with the administration of matters exclusively appertaining to the Taluka; the Government retaining in its hands the power of enforcing action, if its advice and warning are disregarded, by suspending a Board temporarily, and appointing in its place a small body of nominated members.

The village Pancháyat and Taluka Board may be

likened to the parish council and rural district council in England; and we now come to unit No. 3, the district or collectorate, which corresponds with the English county, and forms the most important centre of local administration. It is with regard to this unit No. 3, the district, that the most far-reaching changes are advocated, with a view to giving to it something of the autonomy of a native State. At present considerable administrative duties are assigned by the Local Government Acts to the existing district board; and Mr. Gokhale submits suggestions to make this board more representative and efficient. But he would prefer that the district board should be abolished, if its functions were made over to a small district council, partly elected and partly nominated, which would assist the collector in the current administration of the district. The principal evils of the present district system are, aloofness from the people, secrecy, and want of finality; and all these evils would be mitigated if it was made obligatory on the collector to consult the council in all important matters. Large additional powers might be delegated to him, provided those powers were exercised in association with the council, so that ordinary questions of administration would be disposed of on the spot without unnecessary reference to higher officials. In confidential and urgent matters the collector would act on his own responsibility; in ordinary cases his decision would be final, if he carried his council with him; otherwise, he would report for the orders of Government. The hands of the collector would further be strengthened by restoring to him his ancient position as real head of all executive departments in his district. Those who have experience of the work know how completely of late years the authority of the collector, as the representative of the "Sirkar," has been undermined and destroyed by the encroachments of the great centralised departments: Revenue Survey, Forests, Irrigation, Public Works, Sanitation, and so forth. The subordinates of all these departments are located in the district, and can disregard the wishes of the collector, if they can count upon the support of their departmental chief at the seat of government.

Finally, to consolidate the position of the "Collector in Council," as the effective head of the district self-government, there remains an important proposal, which is, to get rid of the intermediate offices which obstruct direct communication between the district and the Governor in Council. Mr. Gokhale states this condition as follows: "If this machinery (the district council) is brought into existence, and if larger powers are then delegated to the collector, I would have above the latter only the one higher authority in the Presidency—viz., the Central Government. This means the abolition of all the commissionerships except that in Sind. The collectors will then correspond direct with the Central Government, and probably a third member will have to be added to the Executive Council. To enable the Government to exercise general supervision over district administration, it will be necessary to appoint Inspectors-General, who will tour round the Presidency on behalf of the Government." This completes the scheme which was placed before the Commission on behalf of the Bombay Presidency Association. And it may be noted that the principle of "administering our collectorates more on the model of a well-ordered Native State" was approved in the Minority Report of Lord Welby's Commission, when it was pointed out that Lord Salisbury spoke of well-governed Native States as highly favorable to the well-being of the Indian people.

At page 297 of the Report will be found the "Conclusions and Recommendations" of the Commission. As regards the villages, they recognise the value of the ancient organisation: "It is most desirable to constitute and develop village Panchâyats for the administration of certain local affairs within the villages." And, as regards provincial governments, they support the popular view, which is adverse to one-man government by a Lieutenant-Governor: "We prefer," they say, "a regular Council Government, such as exists in Madras and Bombay, with a Governor usually, but not in-

variably, appointed from home. We think that all council governments should consist of not less than four members besides the Governor, and that not less than two of these should be appointed under the conditions which now apply to Madras and Bombay. This enlargement would admit of the appointment of specially qualified natives of India."

It is in dealing with the popular scheme for constituting district self-government under a Collector in Council that the Commission reveals the frowardness of the bureaucratic diathesis. The carefully framed proposals put forward on behalf of the Indian public are hardly considered, the bold proposal to abolish the office of commissioner as superfluous and obstructive, being apparently sufficient to condemn the whole scheme. With almost pathetic insistence they strive to find possible uses for this fifth wheel in the administrative coach; and curiously decide, not only to maintain the office, but to magnify it: "We consider it essential to give larger powers to commissioners, and reject proposals for their abolition, or their conversion into mere advisory and inspecting officers." We must hope that Lord Morley will himself look into this matter, and apply the necessary corrective to the defects arising from the purely official personnel of the Commission.

The Drama.

BOHEMIA AND BATHOS.

MR. MONCKTON HOFFE, author of "The Little Damsel," at Wyndham's Theatre, is a new writer of distinct promise. He has, in a high degree, the knack of the stage, and can write bright and effective dialogue without artificial point-making. Yet one hesitates to hail him very confidently as one of the forces of the future; for, though he can say things dramatically and effectively, there is little evidence of his having anything to say. He knows too much about "life" in the narrow sense of the word, and too little about life in the broad sense. The popularity of Mr. Hawtrey, and the amiability with which (I am glad to see) the piece has been received by the Press, may make it popular up to a point; but it can have no lasting success, for, without being precisely cynical, it introduces us to a moral chaos in which there is not a single firm spot for our sympathies to rest upon. A *comédie rose* we can understand, in which every one is actuated by the basest motives, in perfect unconsciousness of their baseness. But here it is not the characters who are altogether base; it is, rather, the author who seems to possess no faculty of moral discrimination.

The Little Damsel is a certain Julie Alardy, a foreigner from Kidderminster, whose family history I did not clearly catch. She plays the harp in a Blue Hungarian band attached to a Bohemian café in Soho, and is adored by the conductor, Papa Bartholdi, and by the other musicians. I gathered (though, to tell the truth, I am not at all certain on this point) that she was a young lady of irreproachable morals. Somehow or other she became engaged to an elderly personage of forbidding aspect and undesirable habits, Captain Neil Partington by name, who wrote her a number of letters, in which he seems to have made frank avowals concerning the habits before mentioned. The gallant captain has now broken off the engagement, in order to marry a young lady of family, named Sybil Craven; but he knows that Sybil would not have him if she knew the contents of his letters to Julie, and Julie dangles this Sword of Damocles over his head. I am not quite sure whether she threatens him with an action for breach of promise, or merely proposes privately to communicate his epistolary indiscretions to Miss Craven; but in neither case can I find her action sympathetic. That she should ever have thought of marrying so disagreeable an old ruffian is little to her credit; that she should try to take a low revenge on him is still less. In short, Miss Julie

strikes me as a rather common adventuress. She has a perfect right, no doubt, to bring an action for breach of promise; but ladies who avail themselves of such rights do not make quite satisfactory heroines of comedy.

Meanwhile a happy thought has occurred to Captain Partington. There is a good-natured, impecunious sportsman hanging around, named Recklaw Poole, who has been warned off the turf seven years before, and has since lived by his wits. He likes Julie, Julie likes him; and Partington proposes to give him £10,000 to marry her. "I will, if you make it £15,000," says Mr. Poole; and Partington makes it £15,000. A telegram is concocted, announcing that some relative has died and left him this money; and Julie, learning of it, at once consents to bestow on him her hand and heart.

Now, we have here quite a jumble of motives; not very good, not very bad, but simply a little squalid. Since Julie and Recklaw sincerely like each other, there is no great harm in their getting married; but as Julie apparently would not have married him but for his money, she cannot be acquitted of a tinge of mercenariness; while Recklaw's conduct in taking money to marry a woman who, if not Partington's cast-off mistress, is acting very much as if she had been, is, perhaps, a little lacking in delicacy. The whole conjuncture excites neither approval nor very vehement indignation. It is a trifle grimy, and that is all. At the same time, it would seem that Julie is sufficiently disinterested to prefer revenge to money. Since Partington is willing to give £10,000 (and eventually £15,000) to marry her off, we may presume that he had failed to buy her off at something like the same figure. Whether this is stated I cannot say (I was unfortunately placed for hearing); but it seems a fair deduction from the known facts of the case. On the other hand, I do not know that I actively respect a lady who prefers revenge to £10,000. If she were determined, at all costs, to save Miss Craven from the disaster of marrying such a cur as the gallant captain, that would be a different matter. But, no! she seems to be, as Mr. George Edwardes would say, "actuated by nothing but spite and malice." If she had Miss Craven's interests at heart, she would not allow herself to be married off any more than to be bought off. Altogether, the situation is, as I have said, a tissue of motives which are neither actually laudable nor positively detestable, but simply grimy.

Well, the marriage takes place, and we find Mr. and Mrs. Poole, their honeymoon over, settled in a comfortable flat, with a footman, a billiard-table, and everything handsome about them. Recklaw has been fortunate in his sporting investments, and even his finances are flourishing. One fine day Captain Partington calls to recover from Julie the famous packet of letters. She is on the point of giving them up when a caprice seizes her, and she demands that Sybil Craven shall call upon her. Now Captain Partington knows, what Julie does not know, that in the old days, before Poole came his cropper on the turf, he was engaged to Sybil; consequently he is most unwilling to bring her to the flat. Julie, however, is obdurate, and Partington weakly consents. The result is that Sybil and Recklaw meet and recognise each other, with disastrous consequences. Recklaw flies into a great rage, returns Partington his money, and tells Sybil what a pitiful personage she is about to marry. Sybil flies into a great rage, breaks off the match, and leaves the house. And, finally, Julie flies into a great rage, and vows that she will never speak to Recklaw again. Once more we are in a region of psychological fog. Sybil's action is clear enough; she sees that she has got into a very queer gang, and had better get out of it. But Recklaw's sudden burst of chivalry certainly takes us by surprise; while Julie's fury seems wholly disproportionate. If she had acted in a sudden paroxysm of jealousy on finding that her husband cared so much for another woman as to give up £10,000 in order to have the right to serve her, one could more or less understand her conduct. But this does not seem to be her motive. What she resents is having been "entrapped" into this marriage—a shady

transaction, certainly, but who is she that she should rebel so very violently against conduct that is a little "off color"? The standards of all these people are to me an inscrutable mystery.

There is, in fact, no reason whatever for a breach between Recklaw and Julie, who have come to love each other very sincerely. In the last act, Julie learns that Recklaw, still chivalrous and still shady, has heavily insured his life in her favor, and proposes to commit suicide. If this be possible (is there not generally some time-limit within which suicide invalidates a policy?) it is, in effect, a fraud upon the companies; but we are expected to accept it as heroism. Julie, at any rate, does so, and consents to reintegrate the conjugal domicile; so that all is for the best in the shadiest of all possible worlds. Mr. Hawtreys is delightful as Recklaw; Miss May Blayney plays Julie very cleverly; and Mr. Vane Tempest and Mr. Arthur Playfair are excellent in subsidiary parts. I hope we shall meet Mr. Hoffe again, and meet him in better company.

Circumstances over which I have no control compel me to deal very briefly with "The Servant in the House," by Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy. This I cannot altogether regret, for I find myself quite inadequate to the task of appreciation. The play has been a great success in America, where I saw it eighteen months ago, and heard it praised by good judges. It was received with what seemed to be genuine enthusiasm by the Adelphi audience on Monday night. I am told that very intelligent men on this side, to whom the author has read it, have been mightily impressed by it. Surely, then, there must be something in it; but for the life of me I cannot tell what. It seems to me a piece of confused and laborious symbolism, with no coherent or competent thought behind it, and with no dramatic interest independent of the symbolism. It is written with some vivacity and force, so that several passages, taken in themselves and apart from their context, have a plausibly dramatic air. But they hang in the void, they do not fit into any intelligible scheme, whether of dramatic action or of figurative significance. So, at any rate, it seems to me, after having listened to the play twice with all possible attention. I do not dislike it at all; there is nothing offensive in it; Mr. Kennedy is not at all akin to that class of dramatists whom Mr. Henry Arthur Jones aptly personifies as Mr. Godly-Slime. I should like very much to feel the greatness of his play; but, with the best will in the world, I cannot. It bored me in New York, it bores me in London. It is at once too "brainy" and too "drainy" for me. Is it Ibsen's fault, I wonder, that people insist on associating symbolism with drains? After all, he employed that motive in only one play.

In New York, "Manson," the butler in the house of the Rev. William Smythe, was made up after the conventional portraits of Christ, and wore a gorgeous hieratic garment, which the other people in the play supposed to be Indian, but which had nothing to do with Hindustan. At the Adelphi Mr. Valentine wears no make-up except a brownish complexion, and dresses in a turban and a very plain Indian costume of (I take it) tussore silk. Whether this change is made in deference to Mr. Redford, I cannot say; but it renders meaningless the remark with which everyone greets "Manson"—"Surely I know you"; or, "Where have I seen you before?" Mr. Valentine plays the part with quiet strength; but, with the make-up, the irony of their non-recognition of the Personage vanishes. Mr. Forbes Robertson, in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," needed no make-up; for Mr. Jerome had simply conceived the character in the spirit of Dekker's line: "The first true gentleman that ever lived." But in Mr. Kennedy's play the figure is symbolic or it is nothing, and there seems to be no meaning in the plain Eastern dress. Mr. Henry Miller gave a very fine performance of the drain-artist, which went a long way towards securing the favorable reception of the play; and Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, Mr. Guy Standing, Mr. Barnes, and Miss Gladys Wynne, were all remarkably good.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Letters to the Editor.

GLADSTONE AND MONEY BILLS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your article, "Through Reaction to Revolution," you commented upon the way in which Lord Curzon had made use of a passage from a speech of the late Mr. Gladstone, which was delivered in 1861. It looks as though the opinion of the great Liberal chief, which he elsewhere, and much later in history, put in emphatic and precise terms, has been overlooked. We have had reference made to Pitt, to Wellington, to Salisbury, to Rosebery, and even to Mr. Balfour, of last autumn, as a series of warnings against putting the Lords in action against the Budget. But why not Mr. Gladstone? The passage to which I allude occurs in a speech on the finance of the Conservative Government made at Hastings so late as 1891: "I must remind you," said the speaker, "of that which is apt to pass away from recollection, for the finance of the country is intimately associated with the liberties of the country. It is a powerful leverage by which English liberty has been gradually acquired. Running back into the depths of antiquity for many centuries, it lies at the root of English liberty, and if the House of Commons can, by any possibility, lose the power of the control of the grants of public money, depend upon it your very liberty will be worth very little in comparison. . . . That powerful leverage has been what is commonly known as the power of the purse—which not only is your main guarantee for purity . . . but which likewise lies at the root of English liberty, and if the House of Commons could, by any possibility, lose the power of controlling the granting of public money for the carrying on the affairs of the Government, depend upon it your other liberties will be worth but very little in comparison. No violence, no tyranny . . . could, even for a moment, have a chance of prevailing against the energies of that great assembly. No; if these powers of the House of Commons come to be encroached upon, it will be by trick and insidious methods." (Speeches of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, ed. by A. W. Hutton and H. J. Cohen, 1902.)

When it is constantly being stated that the "new" Liberalism of to-day has removed from the standpoint of the "old" Liberalism of yesterday, and the chiefs of the past are lauded at the expense of those of the present, because of certain elements in the composition of the Budget in connection with the land clauses, I am old enough and (may I say?) good enough Liberal to remember that the party pressed forward over twenty years ago, as items of the legislative programme, taxation of local values and ground rents, taxation of mining royalties, &c., and that Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and other leaders, supported the same. It looks as if the present loud outcry mainly arose from the fears that these old things of Liberalism were at last becoming the law of the land; new, they certainly cannot be said to be.—Yours, &c.,

J. FROME WILKINSON.

Barley Rectory, Herts,
October 26th, 1909

THE INDIAN DEPORTATIONS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Four months ago you allowed me to point out the injustice which—in addition to the actual imprisonment without charge or trial—the policy of deportation in India imposes upon its victims. I illustrated it by showing how Mr. Lajpat Rai, deported in 1907 for alleged seditious tampering with the troops, succeeded at last in 1909, at the price of lengthy legal proceedings, in obtaining from the High Court of Calcutta a triumphant verdict of rehabilitation against the paper in India which had libelled him. It took him two years to do it. He had to travel from Lahore to Calcutta for the hearing, and he is still waiting for the result of an appeal, though the only issue is the amount of damages to which he is fairly entitled.

In that action it was attempted to use against him the fact of his deportation by Lord Morley. But the Judge held that that would be unfair, on the ground that Mr. Lajpat Rai had never been permitted by the Government to

know why he was deported, and therefore could make no answer to the alleged accusations against him. Neither the Government nor the police could suggest any other evidence against him.

The unfortunate man had barely got through his action in India when his suit against a London paper came on here. The libel was more gross than that of the Calcutta paper, alleging treasonable intrigues with a foreign Power to oust the British from India. The alleged authority for this was a certain "highly-placed official." When sued, the London paper, like the Calcutta paper, made no attempt to substantiate the libel, and refused to give the name of the "highly-placed official." Again, therefore, the only issue was the amount of damages to be awarded to Mr. Lajpat Rai. But in this case the conduct of the Judge was wholly different. Instead of ruling that the deportation was an irrelevant fact which it would be unfair to use against the plaintiff, he summed up to the jury that they must bear in mind that Lord Morley had deported Mr. Lajpat Rai, and that Lord Morley was a very careful man in whom everyone had confidence. The result was that, although the jury gave the plaintiff a verdict that he had been falsely and maliciously libelled, they awarded much smaller damages than had the Court in India.

I need not argue with your intelligent readers which Judge took the fairer course. I want to insist upon the wrong done to Mr. Lajpat Rai, a wrong which must inevitably befall those who suffer deportation, dogged as they are throughout their lives by the odium of some unknown charge, the nature of which they can never ascertain, and the authors of which they are never allowed to confront.

Mr. Lajpat Rai is largely dependent upon his earnings in his profession of the law. He has had to leave his practice for months, and spend his time between India and England in order to compel his libellers, first in one country and then in the other, to withdraw their charges. The expenditure of time and income is perhaps less serious than the mental anxiety. And the nine gentlemen, who were deported in December last and who are still in jail, may, whenever they are released, have to go through a similar ordeal.

Let me remind my fellow Liberals how long ago it is since this arbitrary policy was discredited, and admitted by both political parties to have completely broken down. It was tried a generation ago in Ireland under less unjust conditions than those now practised in India. Within ten years its failure was admitted in Parliament by Sir William Harcourt in the following words, which were assented to by Mr. Balfour:—

"The Act of 1881, whether a 'monstrous' Act or not, was an enormous mistake. It certainly proved so. Why was it called by the Chief Secretary for Ireland (Mr. Balfour) a 'monstrous' Act? Because it vested the discretion of imprisoning men in the Secretary for Ireland or the Lord-Lieutenant, and because the people of this country would not tolerate powers so exercised, or such a discretion." (Mr. Balfour: "Hear, hear.")

Yet under that Act the warrant notified the accused of the crime of which he was suspected. Parliament was informed of the ground for every arrest. Each case was reconsidered every third month by the Executive. There was no banishment. Imprisonment was limited in duration. In India the imprisonment is unlimited. Parliament and the accused are kept in the dark as to what is the offence, or who are the accusers of the deported person.

Why have so many Liberals sat silent? Because it is India where these things have happened, and because the chief actor has been such an accredited champion of freedom as Lord Morley. But history will not accept this as an excuse for violating the immutable principles of justice. And in the mouth of a future reactionary Government the practical precedents of despotism, furnished by these deportations, will speak louder than any Liberal protests in favor of liberty.—Yours, &c.,

FREDERIC MACKERRASS.
House of Commons,
October 26th, 1909.

LIBERAL WOMEN AND THE SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It seems to me that the letter, entitled "The Government and the Suffragettes," in your issue of October

16th, 1909, calls for some remarks. In it the Suffragettes are defended on the plea that they are "high-minded and devoted women," possessed with "an earnest desire to raise the status of their sex." In the next paragraph the writer denies any right to be heard to the enormous and daily growing multitude of women who are against the concession to women of a vote for Parliament. Surely the latter have as much right to form a judgment as to what is likely to raise the status of their sex, and also to urge their judgment and be listened to, as the female hooligans and energumens who have converted not a few men (myself among the number) who were formerly well-disposed towards the movement initiated by John Stuart Mill into determined opponents of it. I believe if Mill were alive now he would be reconsidering his scheme.

The writer of the letter in question regards the maiming and wounding of innocent people met together to listen to an address by a Liberal statesman, and the destruction of other people's property, as "technical obstruction for political purposes," and demands that such offences should be recognised as merely political. Surely such a demand stamps him as a hopeless crank.

To my mind, the worst aspect of the matter is that these women are steadily undermining that chivalrous consideration for their sex which men should entertain. All the votes in the world would not undo the harm to their sex which these viragoes will soon have done.—Yours, &c.,

FRED. C. CONYBEARE, F.B.A.

17, Bradmore Road, Oxford,
October 26th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Holford Knight raises a question that is stirring the hearts of many at the present time.

In the light of coming events, many official Liberal women are having to decide each on her own account and responsibility to whom she will give her allegiance.

Shall she obey the behests of the Women's Liberal Federation and work only for those members or candidates who are willing to support the immediate Suffrage demand; or shall she obey the call of Liberalism itself and work for that, regardless of what assistance she may get as a Suffragist?

Or, as some put it, does she count herself a woman first and then a Liberal, or *vice versa*?

That it is a difficult decision goes without saying. Women who have for years worked hand in hand, will now, in many important ways, have to take different paths, and, in so doing, will appear to condemn each other.

But so it must be.

To many of us it seems certain that the enfranchisement of women will come at no very distant date, but that which particular date it may be would make very little appreciable difference to the welfare of the country; the balance of things would probably be only very slowly modified.

But it would make an enormous difference to the welfare of the country if the forces of reaction gained any further hold on democracy; if the House of Lords gained any further right of way into the British Constitution, or if the Feudalism of Wealth regained its power over individual life.

As Suffragists we should naturally rejoice could we come full-weaponed to help in this cause, but surely we ought to help in this fight left-handed, rather than not at all.

To me it appears very clear, to use another metaphor, that by merely taking one's hand off the plough we are helping to smooth the way for forces which, as Liberals, we condemn.

When future generations recall the history of women's work for freedom, I hope that they will read in the annals of the great movement that, at this period of the country's history, the majority of Liberal women counted their Liberal principles to be a higher claim even than their Suffrage demands.—Yours, &c.,

CATHERINE RYLE.

15, German Place, Brighton,
October 27th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Holford Knight's letter in your last issue is but one more example of the curious blindness which has fallen on the official Liberal in reference to women's enfranchisement. I agree that the continued existence of the House of Lords' veto is an anomaly which Liberalism should take the earliest opportunity of removing, and that the Budget has introduced some new principles of finance which are likely to have a very beneficial effect on the future of this country. Had I a vote, and were I recognised in politics as a person capable of exercising all civic rights, I should certainly be ready to devote my time and energy to forwarding these reforms. But does Mr. Holford Knight think that, at the present moment, any other cause can appeal to a woman as does the enfranchisement of her own sex? In 1832, in 1867, and in 1884, measures re-arranging the details of the franchise accorded to men ranked on each occasion as among the greatest issues of the day. The abolition of the sex disability in politics is as important as any previous reform of the franchise. And increasing changes in our social system render it quite as urgent. On the one hand, owing to the disproportion of the sexes and the rising age for marriage, more women are being compelled to depend on themselves for support. On the other hand, the greater interest in social reform is leading Parliament to pass laws having a direct and immediate bearing on home life, and the bringing-up of children. I may instance the Children's Charter and the Housing and Town Planning Bill. These are women's matters, and it is the duty of women to insist that their views shall be ascertained and taken into account before more legislation on similar objects is framed. To the supreme issue of their own enfranchisement, all other political issues must for them be subordinate, and to compare the inconvenience of the Lords' veto to the injustice of the sex disability, is to betray a total lack of sense of proportion.

It is Mr. Holford Knight's misfortune that he belongs to a party which refuses to devote any serious consideration to the political enfranchisement of women, and, in so doing, undermines the loyalty and weakens the enthusiasm of its supporters. That he should display some alarm at the situation is natural and justifiable, but he should not upbraid or counsel the women. It is the leaders of his own party to whom his advice should be given. He should urge them to make a clear pronouncement on the subject as soon as possible, undertaking either to pass a Bill enfranchising women before they go out of office, or to make woman suffrage an item in the Liberal programme at the general election. If that step is not taken, women who respect their own dignity have no alternative save, with very great regret, to sever or, at the very least, suspend their connection with a party which treats the demands of women, whether they proceed on militant or on strictly constitutional lines, with insulting neglect.—Yours, &c.,

M. A.

Hampstead, October 26th, 1909.

THE DENIAL OF SUPPLIES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As I understand Constitutional history, the taxes granted by Parliament were in former times handed over to the King, to be expended by him in maintaining his state, and for keeping up the military, naval, and civil services. The rents and profits of his estates—the Crown lands—were also paid into his treasury. All these receipts are now collected into one fund called the Consolidated Fund, the first charge upon which is the interest on the National Debt, and the next charge is the civil list.

If the House of Lords is entitled and does refuse to assent to the taxes proposed to be imposed by the House of Commons, it would seem that the latter could in turn refuse to sanction any borrowing of money temporarily to replace the refused taxes. Moreover, as a matter of legal right the nation would appear to have no right against the holders of Consols to mortgage the Consolidated Fund, except as a second charge. That being of no value as a security, the ability of the Government to borrow upon an expectancy of future taxes is highly speculative, and the security would practically be confined to the personal responsibility of the various individuals effecting the loan. The

refusal, therefore, by the House of Lords to assent to the taxes of this year would amount to a denial to the King and country of the means of maintenance of himself and the Services, and, seeing that it would abrogate the right and duty of the Commons to vote supplies, would be as near an act of high treason to the Crown and nation as this country has yet witnessed.

Under these circumstances the King and Commons, as two of the three estates of the realm, should each unite to ignore the treasonable act of the Lords, or proceed to punish it in a summary, but none the less effective, manner.—Yours, &c.,

LAW.

October 27th, 1909.

GOVERNMENT AND BUREAUCRACY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. H. G. Wood, does not seem to me very successful in his attempt to minimise the difficulty raised by Mr. Belfort Bax. I will give him an instance, which, I think, will appeal to him. Since 1870 there have been two standards of efficiency for public elementary schools, a higher one for what are now called provided schools, a lower one for non-provided. Since 1906 the two standards have approximated slightly, but not much. Can we believe that Mr. Birrell, Mr. McKenna and Mr. Runciman like this discrepancy? Why, then, does it continue? Is it not because of the permanent officials? These gentlemen are not treacherous conspirators, but good, easy persons, who just go on in the old groove. Their *vis inertiae* defeats the efforts of the best-intentioned Minister.

The next point—the remedy—is harder to deal with. The American spoils system is out of the question, but there is one suggestion I should like to make. Policy and finance go closely together, and if the House of Commons would only frame its own estimates, instead of taking them ready framed, it would go far towards getting control over those who are now its servants in name only. The Education estimates may be taken as an example. These would be referred to a Grand Committee. This Committee would elect its own Chairman, and have before it the Minister of Education, who would be attended by his chief permanent officials. The items of expenditure would be scrutinised one by one, and the House of Commons, through its Committee, would be face to face with its own servants. The matter would not end here. Certain members of the Committee would develop a thirst for information, and would get the run of the Education Offices, thus letting light in upon their dark corners. The same plan might be adopted with all the great spending departments.

The House of Commons, if it acted thus, would only be following the example of all municipal authorities, for there is not a single municipal body in England, from the smallest parish council up to the most important town or county council, which has not more control over its permanent officials than our "Mother of Parliaments," and the sooner that venerable lady condescends to learn of her offspring the better.

The plan I suggest would not only give the House of Commons control over its servants, but also over its finances—a thing it has long lost. To take Education once more as an example, there has not been a single thorough debate of the Education Estimates during the present Parliament. Further, the way in which vast sums of money are voted without a word of criticism, when once the allotted days of supply are fulfilled, is a scandal patent to the whole civilised world.

Of course, there are difficulties in the way. My suggestion pre-supposes a House composed of men who can give the whole of their time and energies to their work, and a nation sufficiently interested in being well-governed to pay adequately for services rendered. But the present state of things cannot continue when once the electors realise what it is.—Yours &c.,

A. I. TILLYARD.

Fordfield, Cambridge,
October 25th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is most refreshing to find in your columns a recognition by Mr. Belfort Bax of one of the great political

dangers of the moment—centralisation and the substitution of bureaucracy for representative government. It is a policy which, for different reasons, no one, I think, would have expected from either of the great political parties. Yet it is undoubtedly the case that the proposals for legislation now before the country, but particularly the Housing and Town Planning Bill, do contain provisions which, in set terms, overthrow, in favor of the permanent Government Departments, both the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament and also that principle of the rule of law, which has hitherto been looked up by all thinking politicians of whatever party as the greatest safeguard to the private citizen contained in the British Constitution. However keen may be the feelings of supporters of the present Government against the veto of the Lords, it can surely not be alleged, as a cause of complaint against that House, that they insisted that no portion of an Act of Parliament, whether public or private, should be allowed to be tampered with save by Parliament itself, and that our legal system should not be violated, and the citizen deprived of his legal remedy, by transferring to a Government department jurisdiction properly belonging only to courts of law.

Mr. Bax seems to indicate that the absolute rule of the permanent official requires dealing with by some change in our Civil Service. I do not know what is in his mind, but I trust not the American "spoils system." It does not appear to me that any change in our Civil Service is required save a more up-to-date organisation in certain offices. Some body of men trained in the technical work of drafting Bills and of executive administration is clearly indispensable, and better civil servants than those of this country I firmly believe it is impossible to find, but it is necessary to see to it that they are confined to that work which is properly the work of permanent officials, and that they do not encroach upon the powers appropriate to and hitherto exercised by Parliament, the courts of law, or the local authorities.—Yours, &c.,

G. MONTAGU HARRIS.

Reform Club, Pall Mall, S.W.
October 21st, 1909.

REACTION AND REVOLUTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your article in THE NATION of October 23rd contributes materially to the strength of the Liberal position, by exposing the desperate straits to which the Conservative Party are driven for support when they would fain have recourse to the speeches of Mr. Gladstone, who, in his very last speech in the House of Commons, contended for the limitation of the powers of the House of Lords, and who was notoriously thwarted by them in all his measures of reform.

The work of a revising Chamber should be, as far as possible, non-party and judicial. The revision work of the House of Lords during the term of office of the present Government, before they have the handling of the Finance Bill, is enough to convince every sincere reformer that, as now constituted, they are incapable of revision, except in the interests of reaction. They cannot add to the proof of this in principle by amending or rejecting the Finance Bill; they could only show how consistently blind they are to the irresistible progressive forces that will not any longer suffer the anomalous proprietorship of the land under feudal conditions.

The constitutional question in its financial aspect has its own importance, and is being argued with accumulating cogency against the peers' right of intervention, but let us not exhaust our appeal to the democracy on this one issue. We have other scores to settle, even if, as seems probable, they do pass the Finance Bill, *we should persistently keep this fact to the front*. The present Government assumed office with vast arrears to make up; they were elected to do so by a solid, thoroughly aroused democracy, who will expect to see something more than an Old Age Pensions Act—to be sure, an excellent instalment—plus the dubiously progressive items of the Territorials scheme and eight "Dreadnoughts."

If some means can be devised of depriving the House of Lords of the absolute veto, will not a long step have been taken towards transforming them into an impartial, constitutional revising Chamber? If, then, they remain im-

placable enemies of progress, they will, indeed, in a fuller measure than you even contemplate in your article, provoke the forces of reform to formulate and prosecute remedies of a more revolutionary character.—Yours, &c.,

R. HENDERSON SMITH.

Edinburgh, October 27th, 1909.

AGRARIAN LAW IN HUNGARY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Stephen Bernáth, the director of an organisation which he, for the special purposes of his letter, euphemistically describes as the Hungarian "Farmers' League, but which, in reality, includes, and is directed by, the richest dukes and greatest landlords of Hungary, challenges you to explain the ground upon which your accusations against the social and national policy of the Hungarian Coalition Government are founded.

As Mr. Bernáth has the astounding temerity to expressly refer to the Hungarian law on the juridical relations between landlords (or farmers) and servants, and to assert "that no single country has interfered so minutely nor so sympathetically with the question as has Hungary, as evinced by her law," I ask your permission to quote a few clauses of the said law, leaving your readers to draw their own conclusions.

According to clause 2 of this law, all servants up to the age of eighteen are under the complete domestic discipline of the master, which means that the master has a legal right to chastise or to punish them in whichever way he pleases. Clause 33 entitles the landlord to scold or reprimand the (grown) servant for neglecting his duty. The servant has no legal redress against his master for insult or libel.

Clause 5 forbids the authorities to furnish any servant while in service with a passport for abroad without the consent of the master.

According to clauses 17 and 57 the servant who fails, without legal cause, to enter his service at the appointed time, must by the authority be brought to the place of service by force. If he even then refuses to work he is fined up to fifty kronen. If his refusal to work is the outcome of a previous arrangement with the object of compelling the master to grant concessions, the servant is punished with imprisonment up to ten days and a fine up to 100 kronen. Persons who try to induce a servant to extort concessions from the master by refusing to fulfil his obligations towards him, are punished with imprisonment up to sixty days and a fine up to 400 kronen.

If the master, without legal cause, refuses to allow the servant into his service, he must be fined not more than fifty kronen, and obliged to pay the servant's wages and to provide him with lodgings. If, notwithstanding the demand of the authority, the master refuses to pay wages and provide lodgings, the authority may compel him to do so.

According to clause 18, the servant is obliged to do, apart from his own duty, "temporarily" all other agricultural work, including that of his sick or otherwise absent mates, without pay. Refusal to do this is punished with a fine up to 50 kronen.

Clause 19: The servant is not permitted to have his work done by someone else; to admit, even temporarily, persons not belonging to his household into his lodgings against the will of the master. Infringement of this rule is also fined up to fifty kronen.

By clause 29, the landlord is obliged to provide each servant and his family with one living-room and one box-room—ten years' hence. Up till 1917 the servants may be housed—as they are now—like pigs.

According to clause 30, the servant is supposed to have a day "of rest on Sundays and Church holidays. The servant must, from time to time," be allowed to attend the Sunday morning service of his denomination. On the day of rest the servant is obliged to do all the work necessary to the upkeep of the farm, feeding of the animals, &c. In urgent cases, the servant is compelled to do any other work for an ordinary day's wages. Refusal is punished as above.

According to clauses 7 and 40, the agreement of service usually is meant for one year. If neither of the parties two months before the expiration of the year, gives notice to end the agreement, the same is legally binding for another year.

It will be understood that this clause is calculated to, and effectually does, bring about the perpetual bondage of the servant, who, illiterate as he usually is, almost certainly misses the exact date of the legal notice.

According to clause 60, the authority may, on the recommendation of the master, remit any sentence against the servant, if he is ultimately willing to work. A sort of royal prerogative of mercy vested in landowners, and, needless to say, a fruitful source of tyrannical extortion.

It may also be remarked that the "authority" mentioned in this law is the "Stuhlrichter" or the "Gespan," as the case may be, an "authority" which is practically nominated by the landlords of the district.

These are some of—by no means all—the infamous provisions of the law which Mr. Bernáth is eulogising. Your readers will, doubtless, quite understand why the director of the Hungarian "Farmers' League sees nothing to complain about it. But perhaps Mr. Bernáth will next time be kind enough to quote the opinion of the Hungarian Agricultural Laborers' Union.

It is no part of my business to defend the omissions of English social legislation with regard to agricultural servants. But, surely, one might expect the elementary sense of shame on the part of a representative of the dominant squirearchy of an Eastern European country not to boast before the Western world about a measure which, in the year of grace 1907, deliberately undertakes to re-introduce some of the worst features of medieval feudalism.—Yours, &c.,

JOS. SACHSE,

Editor of the "Londoner Volks-Zeitung."

107, Charlotte Street, W.

October 27th, 1909.

[The letter on "Agrarian Policy in Hungary" in last week's NATION was, by a mistake, signed St. Bernoit. It was written by Dr. Stephen Bernáth, M.P.—ED., NATION.]

Poetry.

THE RE-INCARNATION.

[To him, in Hades, who wrought the Winged Victory, to tell him of how she whom he made immortal has again put on mortality.]

*Again hath bloomed the loved, lost face;
Again men see, as you of yore,
The calm, the might, the line, the grace,
That did thy craftsman's soul implore,
In sea-girt, sacred Samothrace.*

*Out of the brief and fleeting years,
Comes softly hence, to mortal man,
She whom you marked with hopes and fears
Till that eternal moment when
You captured what was lost till then:*

*The grace, the might, the calm, the line,
More transient than the wavering gleams
Of sun and shade that intertwine,
Afloat upon the wavering streams,
Weaving for poets their vague dreams.*

*O Thracian, who in marble made
Immortal mutability
(Even as a rose that cannot fade,
A wave-crest rescued from the sea),
As you wrought, wherefore cannot we?*

*For though on earth she comes again,
None capture now nor face nor pose;
She passes like an April rain;
More lost than are the last year's snows,
Or any fleeting wind that blows.*

*Again hath bloomed the loved, lost face;
Again men see, as you of yore,
The calm, the might, the line, the grace,
That did thy craftsman's soul implore,
In sea-girt, sacred Samothrace.*

FREDERICK NIVEN.

MACMILLAN & CO's New Books

THREE BEAUTIFUL COLOUR BOOKS.

The French Pastellists of the Eighteenth Century; their Lives, their Times, their Art, and their Significance. By HALDANE MACFALL. Edited by T. LEMAN HARE. With 40 Examples in Colour and 12 in Black. Demy 4to, 42s. net. [Tuesday.]

The Water Babies. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. With 32 Illustrations in Colour by Warwick Goble. Crown 4to, 15s. net. Also an Edition de Luxe, printed on Hand-made Paper and limited to 250 copies. Demy 4to, 42s. net.

The Forest Lovers. By MAURICE HEWLETT. With 16 Illustrations in Colour by A. S. Hartrick. 8vo, 5s. net.

Antonio Stradivari: his Life and Work (1644-1737). By W. HENRY HILL, ARTHUR F. HILL, F.S.A., and ALFRED E. HILL. With an Introductory Note by Lady Huggins. Illustrated. Second and Cheaper Edition. 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

CHEAPER RE-ISSUE.

Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones. By G. B.-J. Cheaper Re-issue. With 2 Photogravure Plates and other Illustrations, 2 vols. 8vo, 10s. net. Immediately. The Edition with 41 Photogravure Plates, 2 vols., 30s. net, is still on sale.

Aesthetic as Science of Expression and General Linguistic. Translated from the Italian of BENEDETTO CROCE, by DOUGLAS AINSLIE, B.A. (Oxon.) 8vo, 10s. net.

Handbook of Marks on Pottery and Porcelain. By W. BURTON, M.A., and R. L. HOBSON, B.A. Illustrated, Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

Essays on Some Biblical Questions of the Day. By Members of the University of Cambridge. Edited by HENRY BARCLAY SWETE, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity. 8vo, 12s. net.

The Two Empires: The Church and the World. Being Lectures on Early Church History. By BROOKE FOSSE WESTCOTT, D.D., late Bishop of Durham. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE GEM SERIES.

Miniature Volumes, bound in Peltine Leather, Gilt with Decorated Titles, F'cap. 16mo, 1s. net each.

Christmas, Christmas Eve, and Christmas Day. By WASHINGTON IRVING. With Illustrations by Randolph Caldecott.

Country Pictures. By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. With Illustrations by Hugh Thomson.

Faithless Sally Brown, and other Poems. By THOMAS HOOD. With Illustrations by Charles E. Brock.

Goblin Market. By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI. With Illustrations by Laurence Housman.

In Memoriam. By LORD TENNYSON.

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Fourth Edition. Translated by Edward FitzGerald.

St. Paul: a Poem. By FREDERICK W. H. MYERS.

Macmillan's Illustrated Catalogue post free on application.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

Rudyard Kipling's New Book Actions and Reactions

1. Uniform Edition; Scarlet cloth, extra crown 8vo, 6s.
2. Pocket Edition; India paper, limp leather, f'cap. 8vo, 6s. net.
3. Edition de Luxe (limited to 775 copies); Hand-made paper, saten cloth, 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

Highways and Byways in Middlesex. By WALTER FERROLD. With Illustrations by HUGH THOMSON, and a Map. Extra Crown 8vo, gilt top, 6s.

NEW 6/- NOVELS.

Open Country. By MAURICE HEWLETT.

Stradella: an Old Italian Love Tale. By F. MARION CRAWFORD.

The Key of the Unknown. By ROSA N. CAREY.

Robert Emmet: a Historical Romance. By STEPHEN GWYNN.

A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg. By CHARLES MAJOR, Author of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," etc.

The Little Mermaid. A Story for Children. By ETHEL READER. With 8 Illustrations by FRANK C. PAPE. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

The New New York. A Commentary on the Place and the People. By JOHN C. VAN DYKE. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. 8vo, 17s. net.

Essays on Greek Literature. By R. Y. TYRRELL, Litt.D., LL.D. Crown 8vo, 4s. net. [November 6th]

A Latin Anthology. With Photogravure Frontispiece. Pott 8vo, 2s. 6d. net. Limp Leather, full gilt back and gilt edge, 3s. 6d. net. Golden Treasury Series.

New Volume Commences with the November Number.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Illustrated. Price 1s. 4d. Annual Subscription, 16s.

The Dramatist and the Theatre. By Brander Matthews. Pictures by André Castaigne, &c.

Amiens. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Pictures by Joseph Pennell.

Louis Loeb, Illustrator and Painter. With Reproductions from his Paintings.

The Creators: a Comedy. 1. A Novel. By May Sinclair.

And numerous other Stories and Articles of General Interest. Also ready Volume LXXVIII. May to October, 1909. Price 10s. 6d.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "New Poems." By William Watson. (Lane. 5s. net.)
 "The Enchanted Island, and Other Poems." By Alfred Noyes. (Blackwood. 5s. net.)
 "The Man Shakespeare and His Tragical Life-Story." By Frank Harris. (Palmer. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Memories of Fifty Years." By Lady St. Helier. (Arnold. 15s. net.)
 "The Life of Joan of Arc." By Anatole France. Translated by Winifred Stephens. (Lane. 2 vols. 25s. net.)
 "French Cathedrals, Monasteries, and Abbeys." By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. (Unwin. 20s. net.)
 "A Century of Empire." Vol. I., 1801-1832. By the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell. (Arnold. 14s. net.)
 "Giovanni Boccaccio: A Biographical Study." By Edward Hutton. (Lane. 16s. net.)
 "The Tribunal of the Terror." By G. Lenôtre. Translated by Frederic Lees. (Heinemann. 10s. net.)
 "The Incomparable Siddons." By Mrs. Clement Parsons. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)
 "Men and Manners of Old Florence." By Guido Biagi. (Unwin. 15s. net.)
 "Rosemary's Letter Book." By W. L. Courtney. (Melrose. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Robert Emmet: A Historical Romance." By Stephen Gwynn.
 "A Crucial Experiment." By A. C. Farquharson. (Arnold. 6s.)
 "Lettres Inédites de Lamennais à la Baronne Cottu." Avec un Introduction par le Comte d'Haussonville. (Paris: Perrin. 5 fr.)
 "L'Académie Française sous l'Ancien Régime." Par Gaston Boissier. (Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50.)
 "Au Service des Idées et des Lettres." Par Etienne Lamy. (Paris: Bloud. 3 fr. 50.)
 "Aimer Quand Mère." Roman. Par Jean de la Brète. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3 fr. 50.)
 "Bismarck: Eine Biographie." I. Band. Bismarcks Jugend 1815-1848. Von Erich Marcks. (Stuttgart: Cotta. 7 m. 50.)

THE critical essays of Walter Bagehot, a reprint of which has just been issued by Mr. Melrose, provide an instance of a book published in three slightly different forms under three different titles. It first appeared in 1858 as "Estimates of Some Englishmen and Scotchmen" and attracted the attention of several distinguished writers, but had a small sale. Next, after Bagehot's death, R. H. Hutton republished it, together with a few additional essays, under the title of "Literary Studies." Mr. Cuthbert Lennox has now made a selection of these, which he calls "Estimations in Criticism." Hutton set a high value on Bagehot's criticism as the work of a man who, possessing a vein of high imagination, could yet prosper as a banker and a man of business. "Certainly," he says, "the literary taste of England never made a greater blunder than when it passed by this remarkable volume of essays with comparatively little notice. . . I hardly know any book that is such good reading, that has so much lucid vision in it, so much shrewd and curious knowledge of the world, so sober a judgment and so dashing a humor combined." Bagehot is better known as a writer on political economy and on the science of politics than as a literary critic. Both his "Economic Studies" and "Lombard Street" have been used as text-books at the Universities, while his "English Constitution" is almost a classic on its subject.

It is surprising that, except for the short memoir by R. H. Hutton, no biography of Bagehot has been written. A record of his career and of the many distinguished men with whom he was intimate would be full of interest. He was an undergraduate at University College, London, when De Morgan, Hewitt Key, Malden, and Long were Professors there, and he took an active part in founding University Hall, of which Clough was the first Principal. He was present in Paris at the time of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*, and has written a good, though not unprejudiced, account of that incident. His attendance at Crabb Robinson's famous breakfast parties brought him into contact with a crowd of notable people. The story of his friendship with R. H. Hutton and their joint work for the "Inquirer" and the "Spectator" would add an important chapter to the history of English journalism. We may mention that it was Bagehot who first described articles which 'all short of the highest merit, but are still good enough to publish, as "padding."

It is likely that another volume of reminiscences by Lady Cardigan will be published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. "My Recollections" has had a bigger sale than any other book of memoirs of the season, and a second volume may be quite as outspoken.

THE same publisher is about to issue and to edit a reprint of the memoirs of Harriet Wilson, a celebrated courtesan in the later Georgian days. The book first appeared in 1825, and in December of that year Scott wrote in his diary: "The gay world has been kept in hot water lately by the impudent publication of the celebrated Harriet Wilson. She must have been assisted in the style, spelling, and diction, though the attempt at wit is very poor, that at pathos sickening. But there is some good retailing of conversations, in which the style of the speakers, so far as known to me, is exactly imitated, and some things told, as said by individuals of each other, which will sound unpleasantly in each other's ears." The Duke of Wellington figures largely in Harriet Wilson's pages, which, though often merely spiteful, are not without historical value, for her memory, as Scott hints, was accurate and even remarkable.

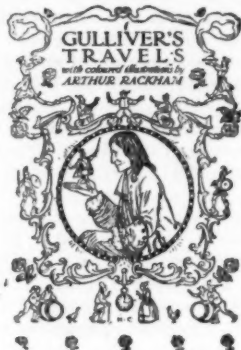
IN another column we review Mr. Edgcombe's study of the last years of Byron's life. As a sign that Continental readers are still more interested in Byron than in any other English poet, it may be mentioned that two French books dealing with him were published almost simultaneously with Mr. Edgcombe's work. One of these is "L'Aristocrate," a drama by M. Albert du Bois, in which Byron is the central figure, while Count d'Orsay, Southey, Wordsworth, Hobhouse, Scott, Moore, Lady Caroline Lamb, and Lady Cork are introduced. The other is a short but pithy biography, written by M.M. Alphonse Siché and Jules Bertraut for Michaud's series "La Vie Anecdote et Pittoresque des Grands Ecrivains." The writers reach the conclusion that there is absolutely no proof for the charges brought against Byron and Mrs. Leigh to which Mrs. Beecher Stowe gave currency.

UNDER the title of "Quills from the Swan of Lichfield," Lady Ritchie contributes a number of hitherto unpublished letters by Anna Seward to the November "Cornhill Magazine." These letters are addressed to Mrs. Sykes, with whom Miss Seward carried on a correspondence for several years. They treat of Richard Edgeworth's marriage to Honora Sneyd—at which Miss Seward was a bridesmaid—of various pretenders to the Swan's affection, and of her hopeless devotion to Mr. Saville, "the principal singer at Lichfield Cathedral," who was already married when he became acquainted with Miss Seward. The following, describing a meeting with Edgeworth some years after his marriage, and when he had become estranged from Miss Seward, is a characteristic specimen of her extreme sensibility:—

"Ah! my dear Mrs. Sykes, you would have sooth'd me with your tender pity if you had seen me receive a message from our servant last Monday evening. I was sitting in my drawing-room with a silly coxcomb of an officer who had called upon me. John opened the door and said—'Madam, Mr. and Mrs. Edgeworth are below stairs.'—Oh my Friend! I had not the least expectation of such an event—'Good God!' I exclaimed, and sunk back in my chair more dead than alive—I desired he would say I was out—a violent flood of tears reliev'd me. The macaroni was astonished, but if a thousand Fops had been present I could not have concealed my emotion. I did not intend to see them at all—it was an hour before my aunt could prevail upon me to do down, she and my mother were out when they came. I will reserve a particular description of this, to me—heart-rending scene for the first *titte-à-tite* I have the pleasure to share with you, since my paper will not allow me to be circumstantial now."

Her criticism of Lord Chesterfield's letters is also worth quoting: "It would, perhaps, have been better for the youth of England if they had never been written, as they tend to destroy that virtuous, that romantic enthusiasm of youth where benevolence is fired by generous credulity, and morality reserved by passionate affection."

FROM J. M. DENT & SON'S LIST.



NEW BOOKS Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM.

LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. Medium 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. By JONATHAN SWIFT. Medium 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

These Books contain Numerous Coloured Drawings Finely Reproduced, Many Illustrations in Black and White, Specially Designed End-Papers and other Decorations.

There is also a Large Paper Edition of Each Volume, at 25s. net. This Edition contains a Coloured Illustration which does not appear in the 7s. 6d. Editions, and will be strictly limited to 750 copies, numbered and signed by the Artist.

MODES AND MANNERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, as represented in the pictures and engravings of the time. By DR. OSCAR FISCHER and MAX VON BOEHM. Translated by MARIAN EDWARDS. Square demy 8vo. Three vols. in slipboard case, 21s. net. Silk Moriette, 25s. net. 600 Coloured and Half-tone Illustrations of Old-World Fashion. Of the 53 Coloured illustrations 77 are coloured by hand.



TREES AND SHRUBS OF THE BRITISH ISLES. By C. S. COOPER, F.R.H.S., and W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, F.L.S.

Over 550 Species of Trees and Shrubs are described. 16 Full-page Coloured Plates and 70 Black-and-White. Two Vols. 21s. net, or in 16 parts at 1s. net per part. Detailed prospectus on application.

NATURE STALKING FOR BOYS Through Field-Glass, Stereoscope and Camera.

By W. PERCEVAL WESTELL, F.L.S. With an Introduction for Boy Scouts by Gen. Sir R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL, and Verses from a Patrol Song, by special permission of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Four Coloured Plates and 100 Photographic Illustrations. Chapter on Nature Photography by Rev S. N. Sedgwick, M.A. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net. A specially made stereoscope suitable for viewing the stereoscopic pictures in this book may be obtained through any bookseller complete in case, and with instructions how to use same, price Ninepence net, or post free Tenpence. Ask for Dent's Stereoscope.

NATURE PHOTOGRAPHY FOR BEGINNERS. By E. J. BEDFORD. With Coloured

Frontispiece, and about 100 reproductions of Stereoscopic Photographs taken by the Author. Square demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net. An important feature is the series of stereoscopic illustrations which, by means of a simple stereoscope supplied with the book, can be viewed by the reader.

DENT'S "OPEN-AIR" NATURE BOOKS. Edited by W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, F.L.S., and HENRY E. TURNER, General Secretary of the School Nature Study Union. Crown 8vo. Cloth, extra gilt, 1s. net.

Books 1, 2, and 3, or 4, 5, 6 in one vol., 2s. 6d. net each. Six books in one vol., 5s. net.

The First Six Books in this entirely New and Important series consist of the following:

- | | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. The Hedge I Know. | 3. The Wood I Know. | 5. The Stream I Know. |
| 2. The Pond I Know. | 4. The Meadow I Know. | 6. The Common I Know. |

The 1s. Edition contains Eighty-Six Pages of text, including Calendar and Notes. The 2s. 6d. Edition contains Forty Illustrations in Colour, Fifty Illustrations in Half-tone, One Hundred Illustrations in Line, and over 250 pages of text. The 5s. Edition contains Eighty Illustrations in Colour, Ninety Illustrations in Half-tone, One Hundred and Ninety Illustrations in Line, and over 500 pages of text.

THE HEART OF ENGLAND SERIES.

Small Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

THE SOUTH COUNTRY. By EDWARD THOMAS.

Mr. Thomas in this new book gives his impressions of a year's wanderings afoot as the seasons change through Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, Wiltshire and Devon. It is a prose-poem of the most beautiful counties in England.

THE HEART OF ENGLAND. By EDWARD THOMAS. Uniform with "The South Country."

THE HISTORIC THAMES. By HILAIRE BELLOC, M.P.

These last two books were originally published in a limited edition at One Guinea net per volume.

ENGLISH IDYLLS. Each Volume Illustrated with 24 Drawings by C. E. BROCK, reproduced in colour. Narrow crown 8vo. Cloth 5s. net; vellum 8s. 6d. net. Two New Volumes completing Jane Austen's Works in Six Vols. in this Series:—EMMA, PERSUASION. Complete set in Cloth Case, 33s. net.



DICKENS' CHRISTMAS STORIES. Each Volume has 8 Full-page Coloured Illustrations from Water-Colour Drawings by C. E. Brock, together with many line drawings by the same Artist.

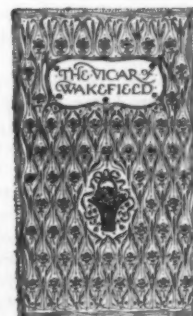
A CHRISTMAS CAROL. THE BATTLE OF LIFE. THE CHIMES. THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH. THE HAUNTED MAN.

5 Volumes, Large Fcap 8vo, 2s. 6d. net per Vol. Vellum 5s. net per Volume.

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY.

Four hundred volumes now ready. Cloth, 1s. net. Leather, 2s. net. Aldine Morocco, 2s. 6d. net. These books are especially suitable for gifts or presentation purposes—detailed list of the Four Hundred Books post free.

PROSPECTUSES OF ABOVE BOOKS ON APPLICATION.



J. M. DENT & SONS, Ltd., 29 & 30, Bedford Street, LONDON, WC.

Reviews.

LECKY.*

Mrs. LECKY tells us that her husband never encouraged the idea of a biography, and that he wished to live through his books alone. But the present graceful tribute cannot be taken as an infringement of his wishes. In an age of lengthy memorials, swollen by an extravagant infusion of matter which can interest none but the family of the hero, it is an agreeable novelty to be presented with a portrait so reticent and discreet. The most refined and least pushful of men could not have been more fittingly commemorated.

Brought up as an evangelical, and destined for a family living in the south of Ireland, Lecky studied divinity at Trinity College, Dublin, and at the age of twenty-one published an anonymous work on the religious tendencies of the age; but his earliest and strongest interest was in the history and literature of his own country. "He studied the speeches of the principal orators," writes a college friend, "and could repeat by heart many passages from them: he was saturated with the writings and poetry of the patriotic party, and he looked upon the author of 'Who Fears to Speak of '98?' (J. K. Ingram) with feelings of unbounded admiration. Patriotism seemed to be his one absorbing passion." His enthusiasm found vent in speeches in the Trinity Historical Society and in the publication of his "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland" at the age of twenty-three. If we did not possess this youthful effort, we should find it hard to believe that Lecky was ever young. Immaturity is stamped on the book, and the epilogue breathes a fiery nationalism; but the essays are not without power, and the study of Grattan revealed a view of the critical moment of Irish History which its author never discarded.

The complete failure of the book turned Lecky's literary energies into a widely different field. His multifarious reading, his travels in the Catholic South, and his almost boundless admiration for Buckle, suggested to him a line of study of which the first fruits appeared in the "History of Rationalism." The four years that had elapsed since the publication of the Irish essays had been turned to good account. The new book was the work of a ripe scholar, though its author was but twenty-seven, and was received with delight both by scholars and by the reading public, not only in the English-speaking world, but throughout Europe. The "History of European Morals," which appeared four years later, marked a further advance. Its learning was still more comprehensive, the arrangement was better, the style richer and stronger. It is not surprising to learn that it was, on the whole, its author's favorite.

Tennyson wrote that it was "a wonderful book for a young man to have written, a great book for any man to have written, and proved that the author possessed true genius." The latter term is a little too strong; but the "Rationalism" and the "European Morals" are works of enduring value which must still be read by all who desire broad and deep views of civilisation. With Burckhardt's "Renaissance" and Friedländer's "Roman Empire" they were among the earliest notable attempts to broaden the conception of history by penetrating behind the screen of action to the immaterial forces which largely determine it. An interesting letter explains their author's purpose. "The two books are closely connected. They are an attempt to examine the merits of certain theological opinions according to the historical method. The 'Morals' is a history of the imposition of those opinions on the world. The 'Rationalism' is a history of the decay of those opinions. They belong to a very small school of historical writings which began with Vico, was continued by Condorcet, Herder, Hegel, Comte, and found its last great representative in Buckle. What characterises these writers is that they try to look at history, not as a series of biographies, or accidents, or pictures, but as a great organic whole."

At the age of thirty Lecky had won an European reputation by his studies in "Kulturgeschichte"; but the next twenty years were devoted to modern political history. An enlarged and greatly improved edition of the "Irish Leaders" found scarcely more favor than the little volume

of the Trinity graduate; but the "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," which appeared in eight massive volumes between 1878 and 1890, was immediately acknowledged as a classic. Lord Stanhope's volumes, painstaking and useful as they were, lacked breadth and color, and Lecky's broad and luminous survey of national life and policy profited by the contrast. The main fault of the work was its lack of proportion, the period preceding the accession of George III. being scarcely more than outlined, while the later decades of the century are described with remarkable fulness. The standpoint is that of an independent Whig, and the discussion of the American War, which forms the most valuable part of the volumes relating to England, is a triumph of impartiality. It is of these volumes that Lord Acton wrote to the author, "They are fuller of political instruction than anything that has appeared for a long time."

By far the most important part of Lecky's monumental work is that which concerns the history of Ireland. He had sharply criticised Froude's deplorable volumes on "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," which appeared when he was already engaged on his task. "His whole nature," writes his wife, "revolted against the spirit of intolerance of which Mr. Froude was the advocate and the use he made of his authorities." Though a friend of Froude, he thought the book "so mischievous, so sophistical, so insulting to Ireland," that he felt it his duty to demolish it. After prolonged research in Dublin Castle Lecky revealed to the world for the first time the true history of the Grattan Parliament, the rebellion of 1798, and the Union. The work was so thoroughly done that it need never be done again. These volumes on the greatest period of Irish history rank with Gardiner's account of the struggles of the seventeenth century, and constitute Lecky's highest achievement. The wisdom of Grattan, the criminal folly of the recall of Fitzwilliam, and the abominations by which the Union was effected, had never been brought home with such learning and power.

While he was still at work on the "Eighteenth Century" the Home Rule Bill burst on the country. His half-forgotten book on "Irish Leaders" was pillaged for missiles in the attack on the moral validity of the Union; but Lecky ranged himself without hesitation among Gladstone's opponents, and labored as diligently as Professor Dicey to counterwork his policy. The letters printed in this volume completely dispose of the charge of inconsistency that was sometimes brought against him. He had welcomed the Land Act of 1870, and always had the greatest respect for such Home Rulers as his friends Gavan Duffy and O'Neill Daunt; but he felt the strongest repugnance to Parnell from the moment of his appearance, and warmly denounced, not only the agrarian agitation, but also the rent-courts which Gladstone set up in 1881. His objection to Home Rule was based on the character and opinions of the Nationalist leaders. Grattan's Parliament was an assembly of Protestant landlords who were loyal to England: Home Rule would involve a Parliament in which the Protestant and the landlord would be powerless and the reins would be held by the declared enemies of England. How intense was his distrust of his countrymen appears in a curious letter of 1880, in which he writes, "I think you will soon find the opinion growing up on all sides that Ireland is unfit for the amount of representative government she possesses, and that a Government on the Indian model may become a necessity."

The Home Rule controversy made Lecky a politician and intensified the Conservatism to which he had long been tending. Though the Union was saved, he took an increasingly gloomy view of the future, and on the last day of 1893 he wrote in his Commonplace Book—"The world seems to me to have grown very old and very sad." Even his own party was now moving too fast for him. He viewed the Irish Local Government Bill of 1898 with disfavor, and "hoped it would not do much harm." He distrusted the newer philosophy of the State, and declared that the project of old age pensions was "one of the most dangerous of all forms of State Socialism." It was under the influence of this pessimism that he wrote "Democracy and Liberty." The contention that democracy was antagonistic to liberty was not new, and there is something to be said for it; but his attack was passionate and indiscriminating to a degree

* "A Memoir of W. E. H. Lecky." By his Wife. Longmans.

NEW BOOKS AT THE BODLEY HEAD

History & Biography

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

A Biography by LEWIS MELVILLE. With 2 Photogravures and numerous other Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 2 vols. 25s. net.

THE LIFE OF JOAN OF ARC.

By ANATOLE FRANCE, a Translation by WINIFRED STEPHENS. With 2 photogravure Portraits, 6 black and white Illustrations and a Plan. Demy 8vo. 2 vols. 25s. net.

THE LAST JOURNALS OF HORACE WALPOLE

During the reign of George III. from 1771 to 1783.

With Notes by DR. DORAN. Edited with an Introduction by A. FRANCIS STEUART, and containing numerous Portraits (2 in Photogravure) reproduced from Contemporary Pictures, Engravings, &c. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. 25s. net.

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO: A Biographical Study.

By EDWARD HUTTON. With a Photogravure Frontispiece and numerous other Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 16s. net.

MARIA EDGEWORTH AND HER CIRCLE: in the Days of Bonaparte and Bourbon.

By CONSTANCE HILL, Author of "Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends." With numerous Illustrations by ELLEN G. HILL, and reproductions of Contemporary Portraits, &c. Demy 8vo. 21s. net.

THE DAYS OF THE DIRECTOIRE.

By ALFRED ALLINSON. With 48 full-page Illustrations, including many of the Costumes of the Directoire Period. Demy 8vo. 16s. net.

MADAME DE MAINTENON: Her Life and Times, 1635-1719.

By C. C. DYSON. With 1 Photogravure Plate and 16 other Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12d. 6s. net.

THE SOUL OF THE TURK.

By MRS. DE BUNSEN. With 8 full-page Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

"The most delightful books are those which either depict the characters of men and women or those which reveal the personality of the writer. Mrs. de Bunsen's account of her travels combines both these charms. . . . Her book must be read by those who would know Turkey. It must be read also by those who are trying to understand the elemental, primitive feelings or instincts which form the background alike of religion and superstition."—*Morning Post*.

Poetry & Belles Lettres

NEW POEMS.

By WILLIAM WATSON. Crown 8vo. 5s. net. Also a Limited Edition of 75 copies on Japanese Hand-made vellum, £1 1s. net. This is the first volume of poetry that has come from the pen of Mr. William Watson since 1903.

NEW POEMS.

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

"His hand has lost nothing of its cunning."—*Daily Telegraph*.

LAURUS NOBILIS: Chapters on Art and Life.

By VERNON LEE, Author of "Genius Loci," "Renaissance Fancies and Studies," "Limbo," &c., &c. Uniformly bound, crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

"There is a real love of beauty, an intellectual curiosity and honesty, which ought to prove profitably disturbing to the average lover of art. . . . She has written no better book."—*Morning Post*.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

By G. K. CHESTERTON. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

"It is the best picture of Shaw that we have yet had, and the best synopsis of the Shawian philosophy."—MAX BEERBOHM in the *World*.

A BOOK OF SATYRS.

By AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE. Large folio. 21s. net.

New Novels

THE HOLY MOUNTAIN.

BY STEPHEN REYNOLDS. 6s.

THE ODD MAN.

BY ARNOLD HOLCOMBE. 6s.

GERMAINE.

BY H. C. ROWLAND. 6s.

TRIAL BY MARRIAGE.

BY W. S. JACKSON. 6s.

THE EAGLE'S NEST.

BY ALLAN MCAULAY. 6s.

THE DIVERTING ADVENTURES OF MAURIN.

BY JEAN AICARD. 6s.

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, LONDON, W.

which surprised those who only knew him in his previous books. "I think," he wrote to a friend, "people rather exaggerate the pessimism of my Democracy." It would be difficult to exaggerate it. He was at war with a world which he did not fully understand. Mrs. Lecky does not mention the masterly review in which Lord Morley chastised the dogmatism and the superficiality of the book. It was a disappointment to many of his admirers that he laid himself open to such a retort.

The closing chapters tell us a good deal about Lecky's life in Parliament, but they are not among the most interesting. He spoke often and well on Irish questions, but he deplored the waste of time and energy and never felt completely at home in his new surroundings. His literary work suffered, but did not altogether cease. "The Map of Life" was colorless and commonplace and quite unworthy of him; but the closing months of his life were occupied with the revision and expansion of the work on Irish leaders with which he had begun his career. His antipathy to Home Rule had not diminished his reverence for Grattan nor blinded him to the faults of British policy. It was felt by all to be a fitting close to his literary life. "We recognise in him," said Mr. Barry O'Brien, "a man who has done for Ireland work of infinite value which none of our side has shown ability to do."

MR. WATSON'S NEW POEMS.*

FOR some years now Mr. William Watson's silence has been one of the stock regrets of criticism. Occasionally, indeed, one has read expressions almost of annoyance that Mr. Watson should withhold his voice so long; as if, in these days, when the Gospel of the Strenuous Life is so faithfully maintained by stockbrokers, engineers, and novelists, it were scarcely pardonable for a poet to keep himself apart from the modern vehement standard of conduct. Certainly no one to whom books are something more than an amusement will fail to welcome the publication of Mr. Watson's "New Poems" as one of the pleasantest and most refreshing events that could happen in literature to-day; and yet, while we have sorely missed his song of late, many of us, probably, have tempered our regrets by reflecting that, in Mr. Watson, we have a poet who refuses to sing until he is altogether ready to sing, who prefers to meditate and perfect his utterance rather than to keep the popular ear tingling, whose pleasure is more (to quote from his "New Poems") in teaching "Truth to walk delicately in rich brocade," than in regular explosions of newspaper applause. All this is, after all, only what anyone who has read Mr. Watson's works judiciously might expect from him; for from the very beginning of his career it should have been completely evident that no poet, not even Milton himself, has been more scrupulous to "moralise his song," to admit no single word that would not help beauty and expressiveness, and never to admit a word that would transgress the exquisite decency of verse. Mr. Watson has always been, in the conscience of his art, like the England of his own vision, "Of high and singular election"; and through these "New Poems," as much as through all the others, his conscience shines admirably. There is no one writing to-day who is so reverent of his art and calling as Mr. Watson. He has, in his time, passed through the cloud of "detractions rude"; when the austere dignities of his verse did not square with the favorite eccentricities of the moment. But now his single-minded devotion to the severe ardors of poetry has its reward; and now, if we wish to see the noblest poetic traditions of the English language carried into our own day, we naturally look for them in the work of William Watson.

Looking back on the body of Mr. Watson's poetry, and attempting to assess its value, it is hard to avoid the unphilosophic discrimination between matter and manner. For, without doubt, the chief value in what Mr. Watson says is always that it is so perfectly said; it is always consummate art. We do not get much ferment for the brain from his poetry. His is a large and profound thought, clear as glass, strong and direct; contact with it is invigorat-

ing and ennobling. But its work is finished when the poem is finished; we enter into it as into a splendid and finely-proportioned room. We seldom meet the thought in Mr. Watson's poems with that startled rapture which the thought of Shelley or Blake, Donne or Crashaw, arouses—the sense of a quite new mental experience. Our experience with him is a purely aesthetic one, the pleasure and exaltation of moving in an ample, elaborate, beautiful style; but we altogether mistake if we underrate the value of such experience. A very casual review of Mr. Watson's poetry will show that his mind is continually occupied, perhaps preoccupied, with style. That is not only clear from the evident intense care with which he considers every word he puts down, but from the fact that he very frequently in his poetry tells us outright what, in his opinion, the qualities of a good style are. Many of his poems and epigrams have dealt directly with the business of the poet, and allusions to the nature of poetic composition are common throughout his works. No one, except perhaps Wordsworth, has so plainly and so often told us what his conception of the poet's art is; and it is hardly too much to say that Mr. Watson has written better about writing and writers than about anything else. His elegies on Wordsworth, Burns, and Tennyson are (with the exception of his Coronation Ode) perhaps the best of his longer poems; and the most memorable phrases in them are those which sum up the peculiar excellences of the poet he is celebrating. And the best of his epigrams are certainly those which deal with poetic craftsmanship. Consideration of the other arts, too, fill a good many of his poems. On the whole, too much of his poetry is concerned with aesthetics, and is therefore twice removed from life; and this is roughly the better portion of his poetry. It is a tendency less noticeable in these "New Poems" than in the preceding volumes; which do, nevertheless, contain enough poems that come straight out of the general heart of nature to make the reputation of half a dozen minor singers. And were that not so, we cannot expect everything from a poet even of Mr. Watson's eminence; with a man who fills our minds and senses with such a noble utterance, we have assuredly no reason for dissatisfaction.

Solemn and lofty themes suit Mr. Watson best; that is to say, they give him the likeliest opportunity for using his particular skill with words. One remembers, certainly, a few delicious lyric ecstasies, as his "April, April," or "Pass, thou wild light"; and in the "New Poems" there is a notable instance of this, an exquisitely simple song, almost a folk-song, of "The Winter Sleep," in which reiterated words come like the repeated turns in a blackbird's song. But if one had to instance Mr. Watson's characteristic utterance, one would think naturally of the elegies and the ode we have already mentioned, or of the "Hymn to the Sea" or "The Father of the Forest," or of some other spacious and gravely worded poem. There is no need to describe in detail the craft of such a master of diction as Mr. Watson. We must not insist on his austerity too much; there are sensuous splendor and verbal riches in his poetry, though never "barbaric pearl and gold." It does not

" . . . from insensate height,
With prodigies, with light
Of trailing angers on the monstrous night,
Magnificently fall";

but Mr. Watson quite evidently prefers the gorgeous phrase to bare severity. Verbal beauty, however, never predominates; Mr. Watson will have all his words strictly subordinate to the general beauty. His verse is always nicely steered between nakedness and extravagance. In the ordering of his thought, there is usually a strong tendency towards epigram, even in the longer poems; and his thought is in consequence admirably direct and clear. This is more than ever manifest in the "New Poems," wherein constantly, having placed before us in a clean Hellenic light the idea, or contrast of ideas, which animates him, he very wisely refrains from pushing the conclusion forward, with an immense gain of impressiveness. Thus we have in most of his work a static rather than a dynamic strength. No one could write as Mr. Watson does without having felt mighty passions; but the poems themselves are not passionate, they are symbols of passion. There are times when Mr. Watson's rich brocade of words hangs rather stiffly, and seems a cumbrous garment;

* "New Poems." By William Watson. John Lane. 5s. net.

MR. HEINEMANN'S NEW BOOKS.

THE BRITISH ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION, 1907-1909.

THE HEART of THE ANTARCTIC,

BY

E. H. SHACKLETON, C.V.O.

Library Edition.—In two volumes, fully illustrated in Colour and from Photographs by members of the Expedition, with Maps, Plans, Panoramas, &c., crown 4to, **36s.** net.

Autograph Edition de Luxe.—Limited to 300 numbered copies, each signed by Mr. Shackleton and the members of the Shore Party, with additional Illustrations and Text, printed on Dutch Hand-made paper, with special water-mark, medium 4to, vellum, **£10 10s.** net.

Mr. Heinemann has pleasure to announce that Mr. Shackleton's eagerly-looked-for account of the great Antarctic Expedition which started from London in the 'Nimrod' in August, 1907, reached the furthest point South ever trodden by man, and returned to England in the Summer of 1909, will be published in two crown 4to volumes on NOVEMBER 4th, magnificently illustrated with Facsimile Sketches in Colour and Photographs by members of the Expedition, Maps, Plans, Diagrams, Panoramas, &c.

ITALIAN HOURS.

By HENRY JAMES. Illustrated in Colour by JOSEPH PENNELL. Demy 8vo, **25s.** net.

MR. ARTHUR RACKHAM'S NEW BOOK UNDINE.

Adapted from the German by W. L. COURTNEY. Illustrated in Colour by ARTHUR RACKHAM. Crown 4to, **7s. 6d.** net.
N.B.—This is the only entirely new and original work by Mr. Rackham published this year.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Illustrated in Colour by ARTHUR RACKHAM.
Crown 4to, **15s.** net.

THE CATHEDRAL CITIES OF SPAIN.

By W. W. COLLINS, R.I. With 60 Water-colour Drawings by the Author. Demy 8vo, **16s.** net. Also Edition de Luxe, **42s.** net.

ORPHEUS: A Universal History of Religions. By Dr. SALOMON REINACH, Author of "Apollo."

Demy 8vo, **8s. 6d.** net. [Next week.

* The religions of man, hardly to be distinguished from his art in their common origins, have never ceased to intermingle their currents with those of art. In studying the one, M. Reinach has naturally been drawn to contemplate the other, and he offers us the fruits of his labours in a masterly synthesis which he has christened "Orpheus."

THE TRIBUNAL OF THE TERROR: a Study of Paris in 1793-95.

By G. LENOTRE. Profusely Illustrated, demy 8vo, **10s.** net.

* M. Lenôtre needs no introduction to students of history as an authority on the French Revolution. His new book deals with the history, day by day, of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and will be found a faithful and picturesque reconstruction of the period.

MEMOIRS of the DUCHESSE DE DINO.

Demy 8vo, **10s.** net.

A COTSWOLD FAMILY: Hicks and Hicks Beach.

By Mrs. WILLIAM HICKS BEACH. Fully Illustrated, demy 8vo, **12s. 6d.** net.

FATHER AND SON.

By EDMUND GOSSE. Popular Edition, cloth, **2s.** net; leather, **3s.** net.

HEINEMANN'S LIBRARY OF MODERN FICTION.

BELLA DONNA.

By ROBERT HICHENS. 2 vols. **4s.** net.

THE STREET OF ADVENTURE.

By PHILIP GIBBS. 1 vol., **3s.** net.

HEDWIG IN ENGLAND.

By the Author of "Marcia in Germany." 1 vol., **3s.** net.

THE SCANDALOUS MR. WALDO.

By RALPH STRAUS. 1 vol., **3s.** net.

LORD KENTWELL'S LOVE AFFAIR.

By F. C. PRICE. 1 vol., **3s.** net.

BEYOND MAN'S STRENGTH.

By M. HARTLEY. 1 vol., **3s.** net.

THE WHITE PROPHET.

By HALL CAINE. 2 vols., **4s.** net.

Mr. Heinemann's Illustrated Autumn Announcement List post-free.

London: WILLIAM HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

but more often it is royal robe for royal thought. When we read his poems, we admire the splendid, dignified procession of imagery, but we are not excited by it; yet in these days, with so much of the turbulent, so little of the majestic about us, there are few things for which we should be more thankful than for the stately, large inspiration of Mr. Watson's poems and its noble gestures of words.

In the "New Poems" there is not so much of the gorgeous language, perhaps, as in some of the preceding volumes, though the words are always used in such a way as to express all the meaning out of them. But in the severities of style Mr. Watson is here better than ever. A naked speech is by no means to be found here; it is a song whose maker knows that it must always (in his own words) "forbear all light and easy accost." Nowhere to-day shall we find English made so expressive with so little tormenting; and, indeed, Mr. Watson has rather hard things to say of the "phrase-tormenting fantastic chorus," those who "prance on language," and "tumble their thoughts in a heap before us." Nothing could be less like tumbling than the way Mr. Watson's thought emerges; it is carven, not outpoured, thought. Take for instance this lyric, "In Dreams":—

"In dreams the exile cometh home;
In dreams the lost is found;
In dreams the captive's feet may roam
The world around.

"In dreams thou may'st a monarch be,
And sit upon a throne.
Give thanks that this befall thee
In dreams alone."

Is that not cut as clean and as sharp as if the words were onyx wrought with a keen tool? And there are many poems in the volume before us showing the same high economy of artistic method, both for the diction and for the restrained contrasting of ideas. In a fine sonnet on "Leopold of Belgium," the restraint becomes fierce in its intensity, far more terrible than any scourge of invective:—

"Embalm him, Time! Forget him not, O Earth!
Trumpet his name, and flood his deeds with day."

Those are the last two lines of the sonnet; a tyrant has never been more severely condemned. And beside this sonnet we would put, for its terseness and sternness, the poem on "Hate," which is a wonderful little treatise on one aspect of politics as they may be in Utopia. Nor must we forget to mention specially, while we are considering the more evidently epigrammatic portions of Mr. Watson's "New Poems," the lyric called "Heaven and Hell," which puts a whole moral philosophy into five verses, five verses of perfect craftsmanship. For the splendors of Mr. Watson's style, the colors and odors and musics, we may turn to the sonnet-sequence, "To Miranda"; but we confess that these do not attract us so much as the less decorated poems. That is not to say that they are not very good, but they are less unusual than the latter, for which, indeed, we cannot think of any likeness, unless it be Landor or the Greek epigrammatists. But the finest poem in the book is, in our opinion, the first, "The Blacksmith." In this the thought is not of marble, but, as befits the subject, of fire. The blacksmith becomes a tremendous cosmic symbol; the imagery is memorable throughout, and the verses ring like a hammered anvil. We quote three stanzas:—

"Like a mighty Enchanter
Mid demons he stands—
Mid Terrors infernal,
The slaves of his hands.

"As a pine-bough in winter,
All fringed with wild hair,
His arm, too, is shaggy,
His arm, too, is bare.

"And the bars on his anvil,
They struggle and groan
Like a sin being fought with,
That's bred in the bone."

After poetry like that, we must forbear to prose any longer about poetry.

THE BYRON MYSTERY.*

It would have been better if Mr. Edgcumbe had kept to the title of his book, and confined himself to describing that part of Byron's life when, as he says, "Byron was morally ascending."

In the first, and by far the most readable portion of this volume, Mr. Edgcumbe has collected contemporary accounts of Byron, which display the finer side of his complex character. He has not discovered new facts or fresh materials. But he has made such good use of what he found that his readers can see Byron as he appeared to those who had the best opportunity of observing him at the close of his life. It is Mr. Edgcumbe's merit that he gives a vivid picture of the strenuous efforts which Byron made on behalf of a cause quite beyond his own interests and tastes. This has never been done before quite as he has done it, and it was well worth doing. Whatever may have been Byron's motive for going to Greece, he showed when he was there a spirit of endurance and self-sacrifice which it is impossible not to admire. He shook himself free from the capricious weakness which had stood in his way at home. He discerned clearly the object he pursued, and the means whereby he thought it could be accomplished. Under difficulties and discouragement he developed qualities which he had not had the same opportunity of showing before. He behaved prudently in not attaching himself to any of the factions which broke up the Greek cause, and at the same time retained his enthusiasm for the real object of the expedition in most discouraging circumstances. We see him in wretched surroundings, an agreeable, amusing, and even genial companion. He laughed at Colonel Stanhope's idea of converting the Greeks to the principles of Bentham. But he respected Stanhope's integrity of purpose, and recognised him as an honest enthusiast. His intercourse with the Methodist doctor who tried to convert him is very characteristic. He never treated the subject lightly, and in knowledge of the Bible he was more than a match for the Methodist. Everything connected with Byron in Greece has a poignant interest, and illustrates his sterling qualities, as well as his unquenchable spirit.

Unfortunately, this picture is placed side by side with an attempt to clear up a most disagreeable story, and to refute the late Lord Lovelace's "Astarte," which was at all events privately printed. Lord Lovelace wished to relieve the memory of his grandmother, Lady Byron, from the odious suspicion of having invented groundless charges against her husband's half-sister, Mrs. Leigh. Mr. Edgcumbe, who professes equal anxiety to clear Mrs. Leigh, is driven, in spite of himself, to defend Lady Byron. For one main object of his book is to prove that Mrs. Leigh and Byron conspired to make her believe in the truth of a story which he elsewhere repeatedly ascribes to "her prurient imagination." Mr. Edgcumbe suggests that Lord Lovelace deliberately manipulated the papers. He says "he discarded some that would have told in favor of Mrs. Leigh, and selected others which colorably supported his peculiar views." This is a grave charge, and the only excuse for making it, as well as for reviving the imputation upon Lady Byron, would be the production as well as the possession of conclusive evidence. Although Mr. Edgcumbe claims to have positive testimony, he has not produced it, for a reason perfectly good in itself, but good also against publishing the second half of his book. Moreover, he cannot be congratulated upon his method of telling the story which he wishes to substitute for Lord Lovelace's, and the citations from the poems, on which he lays so much stress, are not sufficiently definite for his purpose. His theory is as follows: He would remove all difficulties by assuming that Byron's boyish passion for Mary Chaworth, who married John Masters, was the cause of his unhappiness with his own wife, and his reason for the conduct which made her leave him. He goes on to make the startling suggestion that Mrs. Leigh inculpated herself to save Mary Chaworth's good name, and even pretended that Byron's child, Medora, was her own. Of this assumption he offers no proof, though we are left to infer that he has confirmation of it in his hands. His procedure is indirect and unconvincing, as, for instance, when he

* "Byron: The Last Phase." By Richard Edgcumbe. John Murray. 10s. 6d.

Messrs. BELL'S BOOKS.

Crown 4to, 15s. net.

SAVOY OPERAS.

By W. S. GILBERT.

With a New Introduction by the Author.

32 Illustrations in Colour by W. RUSSELL FLINT, and Title-page and Binding designed by the same Artist.

This volume contains the libretti of "Patience," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Princess Ida," and "The Yeomen of the Guard," which have been revised by the author for the purpose.

"The coloured pictures by W. Russell Flint represent with finished and delicate art the chief episodes of the operas. The style of reproduction is admirable, and altogether this may be regarded as one of the most attractive gift books of the season."—*Scotsman*.

8vo. With numerous Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.

A LADY OF THE OLD REGIME.

By ERNEST F. HENDERSON, M.A., Ph.D.

An account of Elizabeth Charlotte, daughter of the Elector Charles Louis, and granddaughter of the Winter King. She married the Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV.

2 vols. With Photogravure Frontispiece and 62 half-tone plates. 10s. net.

THE BUILDERS OF SPAIN.

By CLARA C. PERKINS, Author of "French Cathedrals and Châteaux."

The author has a full knowledge of her subject; and the treatment is interesting. While appealing especially to those who have visited Spain, its elaborate illustrations, historical and architectural comment make this an admirable guide to intelligent sight-seeing.

Now Ready. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

A HANDBOOK TO DANTE.

By F. J. SNELL, M.A.,

Late Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford,

Author of "The Age of Chaucer," &c.

This volume is uniform with Mrs. Sutherland Orr's well-known "Handbook to Browning," and Mr. Morton Luce's "Handbook to Tennyson," and "Handbook to Shakespeare."

MASTERS OF LITERATURE.

A Series of Representative Passages from the Works of Great Writers in Prose and Verse, with full Biographical and Critical Introduction and Editorial connections.

Crown 8vo, Illustrated, 3s. 6d. net each.

NEW VOLUMES.

DEFOE.

By JOHN MASEFIELD.

CARLYLE.

By A. W. EVANS.

THACKERAY.

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

[Ready Shortly.]

EMERSON.

By G. H. PERRIS.

[Ready Shortly.]

NOW READY, Imp. 16mo, 3s. 6d. net.

LOVE'S EMPIRE, and other poems.

By A. M. CHAMPNEYS.

BOHN'S CLASSICAL LIBRARY.

NEW VOLUME. Now Ready. 3s. 6d.

THE PLAYS OF AESCHYLUS.

A New Prose Translation from a Revised Text by

WALTER HEADLAM, Litt.D., and

C. E. S. HEADLAM, M.A.

A Complete list of Bohn's Libraries, which now include upwards of 800 volumes, will be sent on application.

The QUEEN'S TREASURES Series.

Small crown 8vo. With 8 Coloured Plates and Decorated title-page, covers, and end-papers. 2s. 6d. net each.

NEW VOLUMES.

Lob-Lie-by-the-Fire, or, The Luck of Lingborough, and other Stories.

By Mrs. SWING, Illustrated by ALICE B. WOODWARD.

Little Women, By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Illustrated by M. V. WHEELHOUSE.

NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

THE DEEPER STAIN.

By FRANK HIRD, Author of "King Fritz's A.D.C."

"Mr. Hird's new novel will maintain and increase his reputation, because its characterisation is strong and faithful, and its description vivid and true. Beatrice Stratton, the very type of noble womanhood, and her husband, John Houghton, the representative of so much that is admirable in British manhood, will remain among the great figures of fiction."—*Manchester Courier*.

STARBRACE.

By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH, Author of "The Tramping Methodist."

London: GEORGE BELL & SONS, York House, Portugal Street, W.C.

The reminiscences of W. H. DAVIES, the Super-Tramp, are related in his new volume

BEGGARS.

"Written in an excellent style," it gives first-hand information on the art and craft of begging. "He has probed to the bottom the mind of the true beggar," and "one mingles with strange company under his guidance." With a portrait. 6s.

MARGARET HEVER.

By ELIZABETH MARTINDALE.

"This clever novel has for its subject the struggle in a girl's nature when invaded and hypnotised by a man whom she fears and strives to repulse. A first novel, it is receiving a great deal of attention as a work that means something. "A thoughtful book of first-rate quality." 6s.

MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD'S

THREE PLAYS.

"The construction is excellent in every case and the dialogue has always sparkle and humour. It is rather curious when there are constant lamentations over the dearth of good plays that such admirable work should be neglected."—*Manchester Courier*. 6s.

H. W. NEVINSON'S NEW BOOK

ESSAYS IN FREEDOM.

"The author is one of our best prose writers, a true and natural stylist. It is life, not fictitious romance, which attracts Mr. Nevinson. He has travelled much, witae: sed many things, seen men and and life in a thousand different aspects. What he says is not fiction. . . . Brilliant, scholarly impressions."—*Observer*. 6s. net.

THE MERRY PAST.

MR. RALPH NEVILL'S racy volume of Anecdotes and Reminiscences abounds in quips and stories of town and country life. It is written in "terse and vividly picturesque English," and is "outspoken, vigorous, and breezy." Hunting, coaching, club life, society, rustic and business life of bygone years are all brought back with a certain amount of method, but mainly by a series of good stories. The volume has a frontispiece reproduced in colours. 12s. 6d. net.

STUDIES IN THEOLOGY.

The first two volumes in this notable series are now ready.

A CRITICAL INTRODUCTION TO THE NEW TESTAMENT.

By ARTHUR SAMUEL PEAKE, D.D.

FAITH AND ITS PSYCHOLOGY.

By the Rev. WILLIAM INGE, D.D.

2s. 6d. net, each volume.

Prospectus on Application.

DUCKWORTH & CO., Covent Garden, London, W.C.

A List of Autumn Announcements sent post free.

says: "These three pieces comprise the so-called 'Thyrza' poems, and, in the absence of proof to the contrary, we may reasonably suppose that their subject was Mary Chaworth. This is the more likely, because the original manuscripts were the property of Byron's sister, to whom they were probably given by Mary Chaworth, when, in later years, she destroyed or parted with all the letters and documents which she had received from Byron since the days of their childhood." Is this a mere conjecture, or is it founded on suppressed information? Likelihood and probability are insufficient here. Again, Mr. Edgumbe says that Byron met Mary Chaworth in the autumn of 1808, and adds, "It may be inferred that an intimacy sprang up between them, which was broken off somewhat abruptly by Mary's husband." Elsewhere this inference becomes a positive and highly colored statement. After quoting Byron's lines, from a poem found among his papers at Missolonghi:—

"I watched thee when the foe was at our side,
Ready to strike at him—or thee and me
Were safety hopeless—rather than divide
Aught with one loved, save love and liberty."

he comments, "We have here a glimpse of that turbulent scene when Mary's husband, in a fit of jealousy, put an end to their dangerous intimacy."

So with Byron's last words to his valet, Fletcher, Mr. Edgumbe suggests that they refer to Mary Chaworth: "We may well believe that those inarticulate words which the dying poet murmured to the bewildered Fletcher—those broken sentences which ended with, 'Tell her everything; you are friends with her'—may have referred, not to Lady Byron as policy suggested, but to Mary Chaworth with whom Fletcher had been acquainted since his youth." But he himself quotes on another page the message as beginning with the direction "Go to Lady Byron." Is this the way Mr. Edgumbe draws his inferences from facts which he does not disclose?

Mr. Edgumbe is able to write a lively description of simple scenes and incidents. But he does not discuss a peculiarly painful theme with the gravity and restraint it demands. In some places he writes with a flippancy quite unsuited to the subject. He seems almost to exult in Mrs. Leigh's horrible mystification of Lady Byron in providing her with "damning proofs against her brother and herself" when he speaks of Mrs. Leigh seeming "to have enjoyed the wriggings of her victim on the hook," or "the whole thing was a 'blind,' devised to support Augusta's rôle as a Magdalen," or "Augusta Leigh, the selfless martyr, the most loyal friend that Byron ever possessed, assisted her brother, so to speak, to place the pack on a false scent, and the whole pack blindly followed."

Sometimes he does not appear to realise the force of his own arguments. Does he not see that Lady Byron's suspicions were inevitable when he tells us that Mrs. Leigh, "while pretending contrition for imaginary sins, revenged herself upon Lady Byron by heightening her jealousy and encouraging her in the belief that not only had Byron been her lover, but was still appealing to her from abroad"? Mr. Edgumbe's insight is clearly not to be depended on, and as he does not give the source nor the precise nature of his knowledge, we cannot arrive at any conclusion except that he has left the mystery involved in difficulties as impenetrable as ever.

A MEDLEY OF FRENCH CHARACTERS.*

THE gifted lady whose style varies so often, and whose titles seem so inadequate to the expression of her meaning, would appear to care for none of these things. The prefatory letter which she writes to "My dear Vernon," carries us back to Lichfield and the Hot Wells when the fair Anna poured out her unhumorous soul to the sympathetic Mrs. Pennington. She regrets the charming talk amid the folds of the Red Lily of Florence, when, with poor Eugène, "we would pass whole afternoons in a passionate, a vehement discussion, of French literature." In these days "we drank the prose of Michelet as though it were a sacred wine. Books

then were a rich elixir, to be taken, kneeling, from a chalice." Now, from the watch-tower of a tranquil mind, she watches the pageant with a Kodak. Some of the plates are missing—spoiled. But some of the films (twenty-nine to be exact) she gives us, arranged under three stops: "In the Distance," "The Romantics," "The Sons of Science." It takes all this to explain the title, which is not really very easy to justify. Sometimes these chapters read like "views," but others suggest reviews. Nothing but the exigencies of a reviewer could well explain the discursiveness of these papers, if we did not already know how impossible it was for the author to keep Froissart and Renan in their respective departments, how she interprets "The End of the Middle Ages," and how she brings the Middle Ages into a motor trip through France. People who write on France seem to claim the privilege of discursiveness as if it were a sacred right. The least they could do for their bewildered readers is to issue their books in detachable paper covers, leaving the task of sorting and classifying to the confidential binder. The present work, we remark, though prettily alluded to by the author as "my little book," is issued in solid cloth, and is heavy even for the "nominal" price of twelve and sixpence (net, London and Leipzig).

Like most women writers who stray from the flowery paths of fiction, Mme. Duclaux wants a literary director, or moderator, to canalise her work, and get it into some moderately direct and purposeful channel. Flitting, as she flits, from flower to flower, and filling tiny phials with essences, she seems to us too often to be minimising the effect she is really capable of producing. Her gifts of appreciation are exquisite, and she is continually upon the verge of critical discovery. Like Vernon Lee, she seems to have read everything. Her communications commonly start from a summary of the latest, most modern point of view. Her range of information enables her to transfer good things from one medium to another. Her knowledge of French and command of English enables her to duplicate herself in another way, and the rare Gallicisms to which she is addicted (prestigious, self-diffident, frequentation, plexus) only serve to add a savor of quaintness to her otherwise impeccable English. If a third of these essays had been retrenched, and the remainder expanded *à volonté*, she would have appeared, as she can be at her best, one of the happiest and most imaginative critical writers of the day.

A few illustrations will serve to show the remarkable delicacy and finesse of the essayist's conceptions—had she only the inspiration to carry her conceptions out a little more systematically. Her formula for Louis Quatorze is that he was great by reason of a symphony of small qualities and the perfect balance of inconspicuous parts. This is admirable, but requires a framework of evidence, towards which she supplies a brief three pages, of which two at least are devoted to absolute commonplace. Similarly, in the essays on Fénelon and Fontenelle she begins brilliantly. In honor of Voltaire she sends up a rocket which breaks and detaches one or two bright particular stars. Lanson's description of the malign old fairy, almost toothless, yet "inlassablement attaché aux mollets des gens qu'il déteste"; Voltaire's regretful back-glance at the world of his youth, the world as it was before he enlightened it; the comparison with Voltaire, not of About, but of Anatole France, "the Benjamin of the nineteenth century" (this is subtle), in whom Mme. Duclaux is fain to detect all his [Voltaire's] lucid elegance, his incongruous strain of filth, his public spirit, his malignity, his most generous ardor, his religious scepticism, his candid faith in human progress. She had evidently been reading Lanson and Tallentyre when she wrote on Voltaire. In dealing with Rousseau, though she emits one or two good things, she falls back upon a conventional estimate, and Mrs. Macdonald has written in vain. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre is her first real success, for here she has a story to tell (and a precision to observe), in which her imagination is deeply stirred. The Richardsonian atmosphere about Bernardin, the women by whom he was adored and the amount of flattery that he required for daily consumption, are done to a fine point.

The Duc de Liancourt, not a very literary figure, is, perhaps, the most sympathetic portrait that the authoress gives us. By an effort of praiseworthy stoicism, Mme. Duclaux abstains from telling us all about the famous retort, "Sire, it is not a revolt, it is a

* "The French Procession: A Pageant of Great Writers." By Madame Mary Duclaux. Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Edward Arnold's List.

Second Large Impression in the Press.

Lady St. Helier's Memories of Fifty Years.

By MARY JEUNE (Lady St. Helier).

With Illustrations, 1 vol. demy 8vo, cloth, 15s. net.

"One could go on indefinitely enumerating the good things in this book, which is likely to be one of the most *répandus* publications of the season."—*Observer*.

"Peculiarly fascinating. Likely to prove an invaluable contribution to the history of our times."—*Daily Telegraph*.
"It is needless to say that the memories of fifty years, written by one possessing the almost unique qualifications of Lady St. Helier, will hereafter rank as a classic."—*Standard*.

First Impression Exhausted before Publication and a Second Impression almost ready.

Lady Sarah Wilson's South African Memories.

By LADY SARAH WILSON.

With illustrations. 1 vol. Demy 8vo. 15s. net.

EDMUND GARRETT: a Memoir.

By E. T. COOK, Author of "The Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War," &c. With Portrait, demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

"This book should be read. It is the memoir of a man. This memoir is a model of its kind. It is short; every page alive. Though it revives politics that are dead and gone, it never loses its human interest."—*Evening Standard*.

TEN YEARS OF GAME-KEEPING.

By OWEN JONES. Fully Illustrated, 10s. 6d. net.

"A fascinating book, full of the sense of the open air."—*Observer*.
"A book that at once takes its place as a standard work."—*Evening Standard*.

A CENTURY OF EMPIRE (1801-1900).

By the RT. HON. SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart., P.C., Author of "The Life of Wellington," &c. Vol. I., 1801-1832.

With Photogravure Portraits, demy 8vo, 14s. net. (The work will be completed in 3 volumes, which will be issued at intervals of six months.)

TURKEY IN TRANSITION.

By G. F. ABBOTT, Author of "The Tale of a Tour in Macedonia," &c. Illustrated, demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

HIGH ALBANIA.

By M. EDITH DURHAM, Author of "The Burden of the Balkans," &c. Fully Illustrated, with Map, demy 8vo, 14s. net.

A SCAMPER THROUGH THE FAR EAST.

Including a Visit to the Manchurian Battlefields. By Major H. H. AUSTIN, C.M.G., D.S.O., R.E., Author of "With Macdonald in Uganda." With Illustrations and Maps, demy 8vo, 15s. net.

"Major Austin has crowded a wealth of interesting matter into his pages."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

HOUSEBOAT DAYS IN CHINA.

By J. O. P. BLAND. Illustrated by W. D. STRAIGHT. Medium 8vo, 15s. net.

"Mr. Bland's book is excellent. It is a goodly and an amusing company that is on board the 'Saucy Jane,' and one parts from them with reluctance."—*Scotsman*.

IN A YORKSHIRE GARDEN.

By REGINALD FARRER, Author of "My Rook Garden," &c. With Illustrations, demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

THE SALMON RIVERS AND LOCHS OF SCOTLAND.

By W. L. CALDERWOOD, Inspector of Fisheries to the Fishery Board for Scotland, Author of "The Life of a Salmon." With Illustrations and Maps of Principal Rivers, 1 vol. demy 8vo, 21s. net. Also a Large-Paper Edition, limited to 250 copies, £2 2s. net.

A FIFTH SERIES OF MEMORIES OF THE MONTHS.

By the Rt. Hon. SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart., Author of "Scottish Gardens," &c. With Photogravure Plates, large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. (Uniform with Series I., II., III., and IV.)

Illustrated in colour by Mrs. ALLINGHAM.

THE 'COTTAGE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

Containing 64 Coloured Plates from Drawings by HELEN ALLINGHAM, never before Reproduced. 8vo (8½ in. by 7 in.), 21s. net. Also a limited Edition de Luxe, 42s. net.

"Mrs. Allingham is without a rival in the winning portrayal of simple British scenery."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"The volume is a charming one, in which the beauty of the cottages is translated with a skill so like that beauty itself that one knows not whether to ascribe its effects to nature or to art."—*Scotsman*.

* * PLEASE WRITE FOR PROSPECTUSES.

London: EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 & 43, Maddox-street, W.

FROM WELLS GARDNER, DARTON & Co.'s LIST.

A WONDER BOOK OF BEASTS

Edited by F. J. HARVEY DARTON.

With numerous illustrations and coloured Frontispiece by Margaret Clayton. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6/-

(Ready Nov. 9.)

UNIFORM WITH

A Wonder Book of Old Romance

By F. J. Harvey Darton

Tales of the Canterbury Pilgrims

By F. J. Harvey Darton

The Book of King Arthur

By Mary Macleod

Forgotten Tales of Long Ago

By E. V. Lucas

Runaways and Castaways

By E. V. Lucas

Children of the Dawn

By E. P. Buckley

Etc., Etc., Etc.

THE ANIMAL WHY-BOOK

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., B.L.S.

Illustrated in colours by Edwin Noble, R.B.A.

A volume of Natural History by two authorities. Mr. Noble's striking illustrations are an invaluable support to Mr. Pycraft's able (though simple) talks about familiar animals.

(Ready Nov. 9.)

"An
Original
Idea
Admirably
Carried
Out"

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON'S NEW NOVEL.

THE BALL AND THE CROSS

Cloth, 6/-

To be published in November.

BELLEROPHON

"The Bravest of the Brave."

By EDWARD FRASER.

Cloth Gilt, 6/-

The stirring and romantic Battle story of the Hardest Fighters of the fleet of Nelson's time, together with some account of later "Bellerophons," including the present vessel of the "Dreadnought" type.

[Shortly.]

AN ENTIRELY NOVEL AND ORIGINAL SERIES.

The Treasure House Series.

Each of these volumes will prove a delightful companion for anyone visiting these treasure houses of the nation.

Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 2s. 6d. net.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

By ALICE CORKRAN. With Illustrations from Photographs.

WALLACE & TATE GALLERIES

By ESTELLE ROSS. With Illustrations from Photographs.

THE WONDERS OF THE ZOO.

By LILIAN GASK. Illustrated by DOROTHY HARDY.

MESSRS. GARDNER, DARTON & CO., LTD., have in preparation additional volumes for this successful series, and have secured the services of specialists to treat the various "Treasure Houses," on the characteristics of which the authors are the recognised authorities. The new volume announced for publication shortly is HAMPTON COURT, by JULIA CARTRIGHT (Mrs. Ady), whose name and writings are well known in literary and artistic circles. This series is invaluable, not only to those who intend to visit our national "Treasure Houses," but also to all those who have not had the opportunity of doing so, or have done so years ago, as the style is not that of the ordinary guide-book, but is literary, anecdotal, amusing, and, whether dealing with art or natural history, accurate and interesting.

WELLS GARDNER, DARTON & CO., LTD.,

3 & 4, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.

revolution"; but we have a delightful account of his Odyssey during the regicide period. It is difficult to realise how he and his companions yearned for fair France (the fair France of 1793-4) from the land of exile. The Americans interest him. But he misses the unspeakable magic of home; the charm of the French woman, most exquisite of friends; the gaiety of the common people, for in the provinces, even before the Revolution, the harvesters would laugh and sing at their work as they had done in Goldsmith's day. At the news of the French victories he can no longer contain himself in the vicinity of Lawrie Tod, but sails for Hamburg, and persuades Napoleon, without difficulty, to strike his name off the black list. His Austerlitz was the peaceful conquest of an "English swimming plough," and his turnip fields marked his favorite victory. When the ungrateful Bourbon struck his name off the Councils of innumerable societies for the social betterment of his country, Liancourt retorted in a mordantly laconic epistle, in which he pointed out that the Minister of the Interior had unaccountably overlooked his functions as "President du Comité pour la propagation de la Vaccine que j'ai introduite en France en 1800."

Her attitude to Napoleon and Goethe shows that she is a hero-worshipper to the core, while the lack of virility in Sainte-Beuve accounts for the fine point of malignity in her delineation of the great critic whose ambition was always to dine with the Tories and vote with the Whigs, though she admits that he had absorbed the century piece-meal in all its leading motives, out of which he distills in his *Lundis* one magnificent overture. On Michelet, "the Wagner of History," and his belated passion for Athénais Mialaret, she has some exquisitely discerning phrases. To De Tocqueville she is less than kind and less than just, surely, when she says that his works are dead. We can nowadays almost neglect Thiers, Michelet, and Mignet on the Revolution, but De Tocqueville—*jamais!* The way she croons over the youth of Renan is a beautiful thing to see. The "kind of loathing admiration with which Brunetière regarded Anatole France" is a masterly indication, a whole chapter in itself, on the chasm which French History has driven into the heart of French Letters. Twenty pages on Berthelot and Gaston Paris just serve to demonstrate what Mme. Duclaux has in reserve to tell us about these men, and which she could tell us if she would. Few women have ever had a quicker ear to catch the vibrations of a big intellect. And if she cannot always detect their method, she can always interpret their meaning and purpose. A line of old language, she well says of Gaston Paris, was to him as a drop of water to a biologist armed with a microscope. He could see a whole world in it. The polemic about Taine has provoked her for once to produce a full-blown essay—probably the best in the book. "There was just a trace of the notary about Taine." As a boy his love of formulas and definitions was already excessive. His love of documents and pigeon-holes was a part of his notarial inheritance. But we shall err sadly if we conceive of him as a Rhadamanthus of Evidence, for, as Mme. Duclaux finely says, his documents were always imbedded in his opinions. As with Zola, his "real science" was the subtle mask of the romanticist, the man of feeling.

It would require a review three times the length of this to do justice to the irregular pleasure that may be deduced from this disorderly "Procession."

THE BIRTH OF MODERN ITALY.*

THE editor of these papers justly remarks that a special interest attaches to the testimony of persons like Jessie White Mario who, though, not themselves among the chief actors in the great events they describe, have lived in very intimate association with them. This is specially true in the present case, for Jessie White Mario, though a passionate follower of Mazzini, was a friend of Garibaldi as well, and

though an Italian in spirit she was not an Italian by birth. She was indeed more than the friend of these two heroes, for she took herself a noble part on the battlefield of Volturmo, and she suffered imprisonment for her opinions more than once. She was born at Gosport in 1832, and went to Paris at the age of twenty-one, where she came across Henri Martin, Cousin, and Lamartine. A year later she visited Italy as companion to a friend. Her friend happened to rent the Maison Garibaldi at Nice, and here Miss White met Garibaldi. They soon became great friends, and Garibaldi later showed his esteem for her by confiding his delicate son Ricciotti to her care. In the course of her journey she also made the acquaintance of Mrs. Browning. Two years later she returned to England with Mazzini, fell at once under his spell, and determined to devote herself to the cause of Italian unity. She delivered lectures, wrote articles, and in 1857 went back to Italy as correspondent in Genoa to the "Daily News." It was here that she met Alberto Mario, whom she married. Before going to Italy in 1857 she had equipped herself for the part she had designed for herself in the War of Liberation by studying medicine and nursing; only the conservatism of the authorities had prevented her from taking her doctor's degree. She and her husband were both imprisoned in Genoa in 1857 on suspicion of complicity in the Pisacane expedition. Next year they were imprisoned again in the castle of Ferrara; nothing being proved against them, they were conveyed across the frontier. When Garibaldi made his descent on Sicily in 1860 the Marios reached Palermo, in spite of Cavour's express orders that they were to be turned back, and both on this expedition, and in the later operations in Calabria, Jessie White Mario displayed great courage and devotion. The rest of her life, which only ended three years ago, was spent in obscurity and part of it in poverty, though she once emerged from her seclusion in 1870 to nurse the wounded at Dijon.

These papers take us at once into the strange atmosphere of heroism, romance, and confusion which enveloped European politics in the 'fifties. They are written frankly from a partisan standpoint. The writer and her husband had both suffered much at the hands of Cavour, though they could forgive their own wrongs much more readily than they could forgive Mazzini's. It would be too much to expect a sympathetic, or even an impartial, account of the difficulties in the policy of Italy's "one great statesman," as Jessie White Mario herself calls him, and those passages of her work which describe Cavour's relations with the Mazzinians should be studied side by side with Mr. Trevelyan's new volume. Yet we think that most readers will agree that Jessie White Mario succeeded better than most persons in her position would have done in appreciating the qualities of the statesman whom she regarded as Mazzini's bitter personal foe. But the chief interest of the volumes lies not so much in the treatment of persons or motives as in the picture it gives us of these strange and moving times. Perhaps the chief impression to be derived from them is the impression of the medley and tangle of enthusiasms and sympathies. The modern world is apt to think that the great issues used to be simpler, and that it is only our own age that struggles with a chaos of motives and aims, in which some fatalism seems to scatter the energies of good causes and to concentrate the resistance of bad interests. Yet we have only to glance at the state of things in Europe in the years Jessie White Mario is describing to see how perplexing politics seemed to the ardent and liberal spirits of the time. Here we have Kossuth himself voting for the despatch of Hungarian troops to assist Austria in the war against Piedmont in 1848, and surely no assembly has ever presented such a spectacle of good men blinded by the subtleties of a false position as the French Chamber that voted, on October 20th, 1849, on the fate of the Roman Republic. Palmerston himself, who represented not the idealism of the revolutionaries, but simply a good Liberal tradition of fearless sympathy with freedom, fell into as strange a contradiction as any, in his precipitate approval of the proceedings that punished France for her betrayal of the Roman Republic by destroying her own. Still, in the midst of this world of crooked aims and mixed motives, it does one's heart good to recall the letter Palmerston wrote in 1849 to our Ambassador at Vienna. "My dear Pensonby,—The Austrians are surely the greatest

*"The Birth of Modern Italy." Posthumous papers of Jessie White Mario. Edited, with notes and illustrations, by the Duke Little-Viginti-Arese. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.

"Italy To-day." By Bolton King and Thomas Okey. New and enlarged edition. Nisbet. 6s. net.

SMITH, ELDER & CO.'S LIST

AUTUMN 6s. NOVELS.

Second Impression.

THE PALADIN: as Beheld by a Woman of Temperament.

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

Daily Graphic.—"In its humanity and in its sincerity, 'The Paladin' reaches the high-water mark of Mr. H. A. Vachell's contribution to modern fiction . . . the book is a convincing exposition of the new beliefs in mankind and among womankind that marriage is not everything . . . a novel which is as well told as it was well worth telling."

MR. JUSTICE RAFFLES.

E. W. HORNUNG.

Pall Mall Gazette.—"In these vivacious pages we meet the attractively unscrupulous A. J. once more . . . quite amusing, and will doubtless extend the already large circle of A. J.'s admirers."

HER MOTHER'S DAUGHTER.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

Times.—"The Author carries us along with her usual grace and sympathy to happiness and lovers' greetings at the close."

THE CARAVANERS.

[On Nov. 4.

By the Author of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden.'

Large crown 8vo, 5s. net. With 2 illustrations by LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A., and a Portrait of the Author.

A WEEK IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE.

By ADELAIDE SARTORIS. With a preface by Lady RITCHIE.

Large post 8vo, 6s. net.

SAN CELESTINO: an Essay in Reconstruction.

By JOHN AYSOUGH, Author of 'Marots,' 'Admonition,' 'Dromina,' &c.

Times.—"A psychological portrait, rendered with a simplicity which covers a good deal of unobtrusive art."

With 16 Half-tone Illustrations. Small demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

LONDON AT PRAYER. By CHARLES MORLEY,

Author of 'Studies in Board Schools,' &c.

Pall Mall Gazette.—"A series of extraordinarily varied sketches, which will be recognised as sincere and truthful by members of every denomination visited. . . . The book is a most impressive revelation of the piety which has survived generations of change."

With 2 Maps. Large post 8vo., 6s. net.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE CONGO. The

Pillage of the Congo Basin. By E. D. MOREL, Hon. Sec. of the Congo Reform Association, Author of 'The British Case in French Congo, &c. With an Introduction by Sir A. CONAN DOYLE.

Times.—"Mr. Morel's untiring industry has been by far the most important factor in awakening both public and official opinion to the monstrous iniquity which for the last eighteen years has been perpetrated with ever-increasing cynicism and effrontery in the Congo basin."

READY NOV. 2. Demy 8vo 10s. 6d. net.

BRITAIN FOR THE BRITON. Co-operative Working of Agriculture and other Industries a Necessity. By Sir W. EARNSHAW COOPER, C.I.E., Author of 'Socialism and Its Perils,' 'The Murder of Agriculture,' &c.

With 3 Portraits. Small demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON: A MEMOIR. By the Rt. Hon. GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL, P.C., Author of 'Collections and Recollections,' &c. [Nov. 2.

Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

THE COMING ENGLISHMAN. By Prof. JAMES LONG, Author of 'British Dairy Farming,' 'The Small Farm and its Management,' &c.

With a Frontispiece in Colour, and 24 pages of Black-and-White Illustrations. Large post 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

WITH MULAI HAFID AT FEZ. By LAWRENCE HARRIS, F.R.G.S.

On NOV. 10. In 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 25s. net.

FIFTY YEARS OF NEW JAPAN. Compiled by COUNT SHIGENOBU OKUMA, late Prime Minister of Japan, and Minister for Foreign Affairs, and others. Edited by MARCUS B. HUISS.

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15, WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

COMPLETION OF THE WORK.

The Cults of the Greek States.

By L. R. FARNELL. Vol. V., with 61 plates. 18s. 6d. net. *Previously Published:* Vols. I and II., with 61 plates and over 100 illustrations. £1 12s. net. Vols. III and IV., with 86 plates. £1 12s. net.

The Stone and Bronze Ages in Italy and Sicily.

By T. E. PEET.

16s. net.

Athenæum.—"This most elaborate and learned book. . . . To collect all this material in the case of Italy is a remarkable achievement, and we congratulate Mr. Peet on his excellent performance."

Bushman Paintings. Copied by M. HELEN

TONGUE. With a Preface by H. BALFOUR. With 2 chromo-collotypes (one double), 54 coloured plates, 8 half-tone illustrations and a Map. £3 3s. net.

Armour and Weapons.

By CHARLES

FFOULKES. With a Preface by VISCOUNT DILLON. With 12 full-page plates and 52 illustrations in the text. 6s. 6d. net.

The Story of the Comets.

Simply

told for General Readers. By G. F. CHAMBERS. With 29 plates and 77 other Illustrations. 6s. net.

Athenæum.—"A work which for many years to come will be a storehouse of information on the subject, and one to which frequent reference must be made."

Opera hactenus inedita Rogeri Baconi.

Edited by ROBERT STEELE. 8vo. Fasc. I,

De Vicis Contractis in Studio Theologie. 5s. net. Fasc. II,

Communium Naturalium Lib. I. 10s. 6d. net.

The English Parnassus. An Anthology of

longer Poems, with Introduction and Notes by W. M.

DIXON and H. J. C. GRIERSON. 4s. 6d. net.

The Apologia and Florida of Apuleius of Madaura.

Translated by

H. E. BUTLER. 3s. 6d. net. (New Volume of Oxford

Library of Translations.)

Elementary Lessons in English Grammar.

By H. C. WYLD. 2s.

The Nuns of Port Royal, as seen in their own Narratives.

By M. E.

LOWNDES. 12s. 6d. net.

OXFORD LIBRARY OF PROSE AND POETRY.

Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net each; lambskin, thin boards, gilt extra, 3s. 6d. net each.

FOUR NEW VOLUMES.

Select Poems of Winthrop**Mackworth Praed.**

Edited, with an Introduction,

by A. D. GODLEY. With a Portrait.

Peacock's Memoirs of Shelley,

with Shelley's letters to Peacock. Edited,

with an Introduction, by H. F. B. BRETT-SMITH.

Poems of Gray.

A facsimile reprint of the

volume of 1768.

Poems of Keats.

A facsimile reprint of the

volume of 1820.

Clarendon Press Catalogue (160 pages) post free on application.

London: HENRY FROWDE, Oxford University Press, Amen Corner, E.C.

brutes that ever called themselves by the undeserved name of civilised men. Their atrocities in Galicia, in Italy, in Hungary, in Transylvania, are only to be equalled by the proceedings of the negro races in Africa and Haiti. Their last exploit, of flogging forty odd people, including two women, at Milan is really a too blackguardly and disgusting proceeding. As to working upon their feelings of generosity and gentlemanliness, that is out of the question. But I do hope that you will not fail constantly to bear in mind the country and the Government you represent, and that you will maintain the dignity and honor of England by expressing *openly and decidedly* the disgust which such proceedings excite in the public mind of this country; and that you will not allow the Austrians to imagine that the public opinion of England is to be gathered from articles put in the 'Times' by Austrian agents in London, nor from the purchased support of the 'Chronicle,' nor from the servile language of the Tory lords and ladies in London, nor from the courtly notions of royal dukes and duchesses." It was in the spirit of this language that Palmerston acted, and it was because he and Lord John Russell and Mr. Gladstone were able to maintain this spirit, in opposition to the Court and the Tories, that they made a famous and powerful contribution to the greatest event of their century. As we read these pages, we realise what is the real difference between Europe fifty years ago and Europe to-day. Mr. Trevelyan has summed it up in his new volume. "It appears highly probable that if Italy had not acquired her independence when she did, and as rapidly as she did, and in the form of complete political union, she might never have acquired it at all. If she had not shaken off Erastian, Pope, and Bourbon in an age of war and revolution, she would scarcely have done so in a later age of nations perilously armed, but afraid of war and impatient of all questions that might endanger peace." There is the true difference. Every nation in modern Europe is at once better armed for war and more afraid of war than it was in 1850 or 1860. If a Foreign Minister talked like Palmerston to-day it would be bluff; in 1850 or 1860 it was business. Not, of course, that the conditions which made the emancipation of Italy possible, made it easy. All the chances of that world of intrigue and quarrels would have been thrown away on a race that could not use the genius of a Cavour, the teaching of a Mazzini, or the sword of the great leader of the knights of freedom.

This seems to have been the view of Fate, who, as though half-repenting of her favors, struck down Cavour with only half his work done. How disastrous that calamity has been to Italy is well known to all students of the admirable book written by Messrs. Bolton King and Thomas Okey. The new edition of this interesting work contains a chapter on Italy since 1900. The new century opened very well with the advent to power of the Zanardelli-Giolitti Ministry, and the change from coercion and reaction to a Liberal policy. Politics soon changed for the worse, but one good result of that Liberal success has remained, for the labor organisations took advantage of their release from the old restrictions, and there has been a general rise in wages. In some parts agricultural wages have risen by 150 per cent. On the other hand there has been an increase in the cost of living, and the authors state that "the equivalent of a bushel of wheat in terms of labor has grown less favorable to the workers." "The Italian laborer is worse off than the laborer in any other European country, Spain alone excepted." During these years there has been a great expansion of Italian trade, and as a result of the brilliant conversion of the National Debt, Italian credit stands remarkably high. But the situation is gloomy and threatening. The growth of expenditure on the army and the navy is very serious; the annual loss on the railways is very heavy; agrarian legislation for the South is peremptorily necessary, but it has been shamefully neglected, and waste and corruption, as illustrated in the Report of the Commission on the Navy and the monstrous indulgence with which Signor Nasi has been treated, are still rife in the public service. The main hope for Italy still seems to be with the Socialists, whose successes in the General Election of this year are the one bright ray in the sky, but in Italy, as in most countries, the Extreme Left are in continual danger of schism and dissolution.

BLUE BONNET AND MITRE.*

From the Taits of Ludquharn sprang this gentle, pious, and large-hearted woman, who, born in 1800, lived through nearly nine decades, and whose younger brother, Archibald, rose to be Archbishop of Canterbury. Blue Bonnets of Aberdeenshire were these Taits:—

"honest men living on their own farms, and wearing the broad blue 'bonnet' that marked the simplicity of rural and patriarchal lives far removed from the fashions and customs of the towns."

Charlotte, Lady Wake, was the second daughter of Crauford Tait of Harviestoun, and of Susan, daughter of Sir Ilay Campbell of Succoth.

In 1822 she married Charles Wake, son of Sir William Wake, of Courteenhall, Northamptonshire, whom, in 1847, he succeeded. Lady Wake lived in four reigns, saw the jubilee celebrations of two English Sovereigns, felt the fear of Napoleon, when that mighty shadow was projected on these shores, witnessed the revolution which sent into exile that stiff-necked Bourbon, Charles X., beheld the downfall of Napoleon III. and the Second Empire, enjoyed the friendship of Queen Victoria, maintained to the last a large and intelligent interest in affairs, and—to quote Isaiah, in his beautiful simplicity—walked all her days "in the light of the Lord."

In her early life, in Edinburgh and at Harviestoun, she laid up a fine store of experience to be drawn on later for these fascinating recollections. There was the jubilee of George III., in 1810, when Harviestoun "was the scene of what appeared to us a magnificent military spectacle"—the Clackmannshire Yeomanry curveting round the house, led by "our father, mounted on one of the grey carriage horses." The French were expected, and in the yard of Harviestoun stood in readiness "an immense caravan (it would now be called an omnibus) which had been built by our father's orders for the purpose of carrying us off to the other side of the hills when the French fleet should appear in the Firth of Forth." The French fleet did not appear, but French prisoners of war came in numbers; and under the December skies of 1812 we find them shivering on that mountain of rock where Edinburgh Castle stands, surprising the Scots with the potage, ragout, and bouillet, which they produced "just as they pleased, out of the simplest materials."

To this period belong Lady Wake's reminiscences of "Sir Walter," Mrs. Siddons, Hannah More, and Sir Humphry Davy, whom that resolute blue-stock, Mrs. Apreece, had just insisted upon marrying. We have also a very curious picture of the Doncaster races of this era. The carriage folk of the neighborhood for miles around were accustomed to drive to the town on the afternoon of the Sunday preceding the opening day of the meeting. Lady Wake (Miss Charlotte Tait as she then was) and her sister were driven in a barouche and four with out-riders. One of the inside passengers—it was a private turn-out, of course—was a vicar, and the rector of the parish had a seat on the box. Never before had little Miss Tait been on such a jaunt; and if she was thrilled, she was also manifestly not a little shocked.

"What may have been the private thoughts of two sisters carefully educated in the Presbyterian Church, which in those days scarcely sanctioned a summer's evening walk on the Sabbath, may easily be conjectured; and the sights and sounds, when, after a twenty miles drive, we entered the city of Doncaster, were not calculated to make us more easy in our minds. The crowds in the streets, the various equipages similar to our own attempting to force their way amidst jostling horsemen, the swearing of the men, the rearing of the horses, the confusion increased by a large black hearse and several mourning coaches stopped by the crowds on their way through the town, a numerous drove of oxen in the same predicament, with their white horns, rushing hither and thither among the vociferating multitude, the incessant ringing of the church bells for the races, and enormous placards with 'PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD' in gigantic letters meeting the eye at every turn, altogether formed a scene that now, after more than half a century has passed, seems as fresh and as astounding as though it had been but yesterday."

From Doncaster to Royalty is a natural and easy transition. During her first or second season in London Lady Wake was present (as a famished spectator in a gallery) at George IV.'s coronation banquet in Westminster Hall. This was in July, 1821. For the ticket of a mere onlooker, such

* "The Reminiscences of Charlotte, Lady Wake." Edited by Lucy Wake. Blackwood. 12s. 6d. net.

J. NISBET & CO.'S IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS

A Famous Schoolmaster and Writer.

REGINALD BOSWORTH SMITH

A Memoir. By his daughter, Lady GROGAN. With Portrait and Illustrations, demy 8vo, 10/6 net.

"A well drawn literary portrait of a typical English scholar and country gentleman."—*Scotsman*.

"A most interesting memoir of a really great schoolmaster."—*Liverpool Post*.

Second Large Impression in the Press.

MY LIFE AMONG THE BLUE-JACKETS

By Miss AGNES WESTON. With Photogravure Portrait and other Illustrations, large crown, 8vo, 6/- net.

"Everybody at all interested in the religious life of the Navy will read her book with admiration and advantage."—*Scotsman*.

"A Book of Surpassing Interest."

MY RECOLLECTIONS

By EUGENE STOCK (late Secretary to the C.M.S.) With Portrait and Illustrations, large crown 8vo, 6/- net.

The *Spectator* says:—"The whole volume is highly interesting from beginning to end, and we warmly recommend it to our readers."

Cheap and Revised Edition.

ITALY TO-DAY

Demy 8vo, 6/- net.

By BOLTON KING and THOMAS OKEY. Revised and brought up-to-date with New and Additional Matter.

"Will undoubtedly become one of the most widely read and highly valued volumes on Italian life and prospects."—*World*.

OUR NATIONAL DRINK BILL

Its Direct and Indirect Effects upon National Health, Morals, Industry, and Trade. By JOHN NEWTON. Cloth, crown 8vo, 1/- net.

This striking little volume from the pen of a well-known Temperance Reformer will, it is hoped, bring home to the masses of the public how serious the necessity, how grave the justification for the Temperance Movement is.

NEW FICTION AND STORIES.

L. T. MEADE'S New Novel.

BLUE OF THE SEA.

Illustrated, 6/-

The *Liverpool Post* says:—"An altogether charming book, and written with all that detail of characterisation for which Mrs. Meade is famed."

The *Manchester Courier* says:—"It is a delightful story."

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

KITTY AUBREY. A Story of English Home Life.

Illustrated, 6/-

The *Daily Chronicle* says:—"Kitty Aubrey" is the best young lady's novel we have read for a long time. . . . We thank her for a readable, 'purchasable' book."

The *Dundee Advertiser* says:—"The author has a charm all her own and in her latest novel humour and pathos are beautifully mingled."

A Capital Book for Boys.

THE COMING OF NAVARRE

By O. V. CAINE, Author of "Face to Face with Napoleon," etc. Fully Illustrated, extra crown 8vo, 5/-

The *Dublin Daily Express* says:—"Mr. Caine has given us a book full of adventure, love, plot, and counterplot. Pluck of youth stirs the blood and quickens the pulse."

A Charming Story for Girls.

MY LADY BELLAMY

By DOROTHEA MOORE, Author of "A Plucky School-girl." Fully Illustrated, extra crown 8vo, 5/-

The *Dundee Advertiser* says:—"If any story is calculated to win the interests of girls for the romantic and picturesque in history, that story, is this latest tale from the pen of Miss Moore."

Two Charming Books for Children.

THE STORY OF FORGET-ME-NOT and Lily-of-the-Valley. By the Hon. MAURICE BARING. The Coloured Pictures by S. B. Royal 16mo, 2/- net.

The *Dublin Daily Express* says:—"A very pretty conception, beautifully executed. . . . the more one looks into the pictures the more must one admire them."

THE STORY OF LITTLE BLACK BOBTAIL

By the Author of "Little Black Mingo." With 30 Illustrations in Colour. In picture boards, 16mo, 1/- net; 1/6 in cloth.

J. NISBET & Co., Ltd., 22, Berners Street, London, W.

CONSTABLE & COMPANY

*The Two Most Beautiful Books
of the Year.*

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH. With 40 full-page plates in colour and numerous drawings in the text by

W. LEE HANKEY.

4to, cloth, 15s. net. Edition de Luxe, limited to 250 copies, 42s. net.

Mr. RACKHAM'S MASTERPIECE.

THE FAIRY TALES OF THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

With 40 full-page plates in colour and 70 drawings in the text, by

ARTHUR RACKHAM.

4to, cloth, 15s. net. Edition de Luxe, limited to 750 copies, 42s. net.

LAST POEMS. Those hitherto unpublished in book form. By GEORGE MEREDITH. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net.

MR. WALTER SICHEL'S NEW WORK.
Ready Immediately.

**THE LIFE OF RICHARD BRINSLEY
SHERIDAN.** By WALTER SICHEL, Author of
"Emma, Lady Hamilton." In two volumes. Fully Illustrated.
Demy 8vo, 31s. 6d. net.

HOGARTH'S LONDON. By H. R. WHEATLEY,
F.S.A. Profusely Illustrated. Demy 8vo, 21s. net.

LONDON LIFE OF YESTERDAY.
By ARTHUR COMPTON-RICKETT, M.A., LL.D. (Cantab);
Author of "The Vagabond in Literature," &c. Demy 8vo,
7s. 6d. net.

THE GIRLHOOD OF QUEEN ELIZABETH: A Narrative in Contemporary Letters.
By F. A. MUMBY, Editor of "The Letters of Literary Men. With an Introduction by R. S. Rait, M.A., Fellow of New College, Oxford. With numerous Portraits, Views and Facsimiles. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

"The most interesting book that has been put in my hands for a long time."—*Saturday Review*.

**THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT IN
ENGLISH POETRY.** By ARTHUR SYMONS.
Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

"The most brilliant work Mr. Symons has ever written."

—*Saturday Review*.

"A model both of praise and criticism."—*Observer*.

THE LIFE OF JOHN DEE: An Elizabethan Crystal Gazer. By CHARLOTTE FELL SMITH, Author of "Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick." With Portrait and Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

"An interesting addition to our knowledge of Queen Elizabeth is provided by this biography of her astrologer-in-chief. . . . A pleasant picture is drawn of her informal visits to his house, when she would ride across Richmond Park, pass through the East Sheen Gate, and, turning down the hill, stop at the old house between Mortlake Church and the Thames. . . . We are grateful to our author for these pleasant sidelights on the character of Queen Bess."

—*Evening Standard*.

**THE BOOK OF CUPID; being an
Anthology from the English Poets.** With an Introduction by HENRY NEWBOLT, and 25 Illustrations by The Lady Hylton. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net.

**THE SHADOW OF THE CATHE-
DRAL.** A Novel. By VINCENT IBANEZ. 6s.

"A great book."—*Standard*.

"It is not too much to say that the present troubles will be better understood by any one who has been under the Shadow of the Cathedral. . . . This is a book which the serious reader of novels, or the reader of serious novels ought not to miss."

—*Evening Standard*.

MISS SILBERRAD'S NEW NOVEL, ORDINARY PEOPLE.

By UNA L. SILBERRAD,
Author of "The Good Comrade." 6s.

CONSTABLE & CO LTD

10 Orange Street London WC

as the young Scotswoman was presented with, as much as fifty guineas had in many instances been paid. Not Sir Walter's most glittering dreams—she writes to her sister—not the rarest palace unlocked in the Arabian Nights "can at all surpass the unrivalled magnificence of the Court of George IV. on his coronation day. I think Queen Elizabeth's fête and pageant at Kenilworth will give you the best idea of the whole." Sublime among the rest sat the King:—

"the most absurd likeness of a peacock, for, when seated at the royal banquet served before the throne, his train, about a mile long and full of golden stars upon a purple ground, was spread high over the back of the throne, and the effect was so like that of a peacock spreading his tail to the sun that everyone present was struck with the absurd resemblance."

In the midst of the feast Queen Caroline attempted to storm the hall. Unfortunately ("for the fun of it"), the poor lady merely "forced her way into one of the kitchens, where they coolly turned the key upon her till all risk was over."

On this occasion Wellington was one of the supporters of that fabulous person, the Hereditary Champion of England; and as he was backing his horse from the scene, someone hurried to the Duke and whispered:—

"Don't lay your hand on his quarters, or he will fall down and die. He is the horse of Timur the Tartar."

Astley's, in brief, had furnished him.

The gentleman to whom Lady Wake was indebted for her ticket was Colonel Percy, a younger son of the Earl of Beverley, and the hero of a vivid and sad story of Waterloo. Wellington, whose favorite aide-de-camp he was, selected him to carry to England the tidings of victory and the eagles of the French. With orders never to stop till he had laid the trophies at the feet of the Regent, the young officer swept at the best speed of four horses from Dover to London, his tremendous news flying by rumor ahead of him. The Regent was coming out from dinner at Mrs. Bethune's, when

"a commotion was heard in the anteroom, and a young man in uniform, soiled and covered with dust, rushed forward with the eagles and despatches and fainted at the Regent's feet"—

his sash still wet with the blood of Waterloo. This dreadful evidence of the speed with which Percy had travelled from the field of Napoleon's discomfiture was not all: a few days later a stroke of paralysis ended his career as a soldier. The episode was worthy the pen of Browning, who would have made of it another ride from Ghent.

As yet we have unfolded none of Lady Wake's memories of her brother the Archbishop, her beloved "Archie," who grew to man's estate from a childhood so enfeebled that his life was more than once considered forfeit. At Oxford, among the scholars of Balliol, when the gifted Tait joined the band (or a little later) were Arthur Stanley, Lake (Dean of Durham), Goulburn (Dean of Norwich), Coleridge (Chief Justice), Stafford Northcote, Arthur Clough, and James Riddell. All these were his friends and contemporaries. The Frederick Oakeley who became a canon of the R.C. Church was his tutor. We see William George Ward, "the size of a tub," chased upstairs by undergraduates, eager for the lecture it was always so difficult to get from him. When Ward won in the race to his rooms, he at once turned the key on his pursuers, "and quietly set himself down to read his novel." Newman also is, of course, here, and of the thunders that rolled around "Tract No. 90," Lady Wake conveys to us a lively echo or two. Newmanism

"was like the measles; nobody was safe from it in Oxford who had not had it already."

Tait was one of the earnest young men of his day by whom the infection was withstood. We need not detail his career. In 1842, when he was twenty-nine, and looked twenty-five, he took in hand the fortunes of Rugby School. Seven years later he was Dean of Carlisle. The year of salvation, 1855, saw him Bishop of London. He declined in 1862 the Archbishopric of York. Six years from this, on the unlooked-for death of Dr. Longley, and by the urgent wish of the Queen, Tait was chosen for the "mitred crown" of Canterbury. He wore it till his death in 1882.

Tales of Scotland are not wanting—heroic, touching, humorous, or ghostly—but by the editorial dial it must be very close upon the hour. Here, however, is a legend of an auld Miss Balfour, of the Balfours of Balbirnie, which has

all the saving grace. Miss Balfour had inherited from brothers in India a fortune of £840,000, and once a year the dwindling remnant of her family were bidden to her board.

"They were waited upon by her ancient domestic, and at the very beginning of dinner she always thus addressed the party: 'Onybody for wine! Wha's for wine haud up their thumbs. Naeboddy for wine! John, tak' awa' the wine.' Thus the solitary bottle remained unopened, for neither nieces nor nephew dare incur her displeasure by signifying a desire for a glass."

Here, as may be guessed, is a well-stored volume; and there is not in it one malicious or ungentle word.

HAND MADE v. MACHINE MADE.*

MR. HAMLIN GARLAND's stories would seem to be but little, too little, known in England. He produces slowly, and has a temperament which follows its own instincts, and not the market's demands. Commonplace people will find "The Moccasin Ranch" too truthful and fresh in style to satisfy them, and they will do well to turn to the pages of Sir Gilbert Parker, whose stories in "Northern Lights" have the comfortable air of being turned out, to standard pattern, by a well-equipped literary factory. Everything is there, situation, scenery, character, appropriate speeches and striking denouement, but all the time you have the feeling that, just as the gas-bracket you purchase in a shop is like thousands of other gas-brackets, so this or that story of Sir Gilbert Parker is like thousands of other stories. The human pattern which he adopts is generalised, and although the tales are undeniably by the hand of Sir Gilbert Parker, they do not disclose those secrets of character and of individual feeling, those almost imperceptible subtle inflexions of life, which convince us that the author has watched nature and captured something of her force, her stress, her inexhaustible spontaneity.

The secret of all mediocre art, of which "Northern Lights" is a characteristic example, is that it is compounded of details that are commonplace and details that are falsities. Sir Gilbert Parker's second tale, "Once at Red Man's River," which is no worse and no better than the other sixteen, is a capital example of the modern "substitute for art" which, like some "excellent substitutes for butter," is most pleasing to the popular taste. Abe Hawley is haranguing the heroic Nance, as the story opens, telling her "It's got to be settled to-night. The game is up here, up for ever. The red-coat police from Ottawa are coming, and they'll soon be roosting in this post, the Injuns are goin', the buffaloes are most gone, and the fur trade's dead in these parts. D'ye see?" Now the manner of this speech is false, and every touch is generalised. As we are told a few lines later that Nance is a frontierswoman, that she "had taken the border life as it was; had looked it straight between the eyes, and was as good as any white man in any phase of the life," &c., it is quite unnatural that these encyclopædic facts should be communicated to her. And note that the language employed by Abe Hawley is not the language of a local man, but the language of all of us who only know "red-coat police," and "buffaloes," and "Injuns," by hearsay. It is the language that anybody in Fleet Street or Surbiton would deem appropriate. This lack of particular truth is apparent in almost every sentence that follows. Nance also is infected by the desire to communicate encyclopædic information, and the duet that ensues between the pair is of the "standardised" order:—

"The Hudson's Bay Company 'll come along with the red-coats, and they'll set up a nice little Sunday-school business here for what they call 'agricultural settlers.' There'll be a railway, and the Yankees 'll send up their marshals to work with the redcoats on the border, and—"

"And the days of smuggling will be over," put in the girl, in a low voice. "No more bull-wackers and mule-skinners 'whooping it up'; no more Blackfeet and Piegans drinking alcohol and water, and cuttin' each others' throats. A nice quiet time coming on the border, Abe, eh?"

" . . . You got the ways of the deer in your walk, the song o' the birds in your voice; and you're going with me, Nance, for I bin talkin' to you stiddy four years. It's a long time to wait on the chance, for there's always women to be got, same as others have done—men like Dignan with

* "The Moccasin Ranch." By Hamlin Garland. Harper & Brothers. 5s.

"Northern Lights." By Sir Gilbert Parker. Methuen. 6s.

Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN'S NEW BOOKS**French Cathedrals, Monasteries**

and Abbeys, and Sacred Sites of France. By ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL. With 183 Illustrations from Drawings by JOSEPH PENNELL, and Plans and Diagrams. Super Royal 8vo, cloth, 20s. net; post free, 20s. 6d.

The making of this book is the fruit of twenty years' living and study in the cathedral cities of France—Provence, the Romanesque centres, Mont St. Michel, and the towns of the great Gothic churches—and follows a carefully prepared scheme, based upon the value of the examples selected in the history of architecture.

Men and Manners of Old

Florence. By GUIDO BIAGI, Librarian of the Laurentian and Riccardi Libraries, Florence. With a Photogravure Frontispiece and 46 other illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 15s. net; post free, 15s. 6d.

Dr. Biagi's new volume gives vivid and realistic glimpses of social life in Florence from the thirteenth century to the beginning of the nineteenth.

In Three Legations: Turin, Florence,

The Hague, 1856-1872. By Madame CHARLES DE BUNSEN (née WADDINGTON). With 3 Photogravure Plates and 48 other illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d. net; post free, 12s. 11d.

Madame De Bunsen's letters to her family on her first entrance into diplomatic life and in the years that followed, were a kind of journal, and are full of descriptions of what she saw, from court balls to military hospitals, royal weddings and stormy parliamentary sittings, social life in town and country, old lace and crinolines; in short, there were all the elements of a full and varied existence, where the writer was in a position to see and hear all that was going on.

This correspondence, extending over some sixteen very important years, which include the making of Italy and the war between France and Germany in 1872, touches the inside of historical events and is of much general interest.

Romantic Corsica. Wanderings In

Napoleon's Isle. By GEORGE RENWICK. With a Chapter on Climbing by T. G. OUSTON, F.R.G.S., Member of the Alpine Club. With 62 illustrations and a map. Demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net; post free, 10s. 11d.

Everything of interest in the island is described in this book, and the charming, quaint towns and many villages with their old-world life pass before the reader in picture and description, and interestingly woven into the wonder-narrative is much of Corsica's stirring history, with many a story from the dead days of fierce vendetta and of war.

A Literary History of the English

People. Vol. III. From the Renaissance to the Civil War. II. By J. J. JUSSELAND. With a Photogravure Frontispiece. Demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d. net; post free, 12s. 11d.

"The predominant feature of the book," says the *Times*, "is in an especial degree brightness, lucidity, point, perspicacity, modernity, but above all vivacity."

The Problem of Human Life.

As viewed by the Great Thinkers, from Plato to the Present Time. By RUDOLF EUCKEN. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net; post free, 12s. 11d.

"This, the most famous and widely read of Professor Eucken's works, is an altogether delightful book in which the characteristic speculations and opinions of the great minds of the race are elucidated, contrasted, and judged in a sympathetic yet independent spirit. It forms an admirable introduction to the study of philosophy."—*Boston Transcript*.

Greece in Evolution.

Studies Prepared under the auspices of the French League for the Defence of the Rights of Hellenism. By VARIOUS WRITERS. With a Preface by the Right Hon. Sir CHARLES W. DILKE, M.P. Translated from the French under the Editorship of G. F. ABBOTT. Large crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net; post free, 5s. 4d.

The *Morning Post* says:—"It is impossible to read these addresses without admiration for the intimate knowledge of Greece and of the Greeks which they display, and for the sympathy by which they are pervaded."

The Religion of H. G. Wells,

and other Essays. By the Rev. ALEXANDER H. CRAWFORD, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net; post free, 3s. 10d.

The chief essay is a careful and friendly criticism of the ethical and religious teaching of Mr. H. G. WELLS, contained in his "First and Last Things."

How to Study the Stars.

Astronomy with Small Telescopes and the Naked Eye, and Notes on Celestial Photography. By L. RUDAUX. Translated by A. H. KEANE, LL.D., F.R.G.S. With 79 illustrations. Large crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net; post free, 5s. 4d.

This book is intended as a guide to practical observation for amateur astronomers. It deals with all branches of the science which can be followed with instruments of moderate size.

A BUDGET NOVEL.

Jenny Peters. By C. H. DUDLEY WARD. Price 6s. post free.

The *Dundee Advertiser* says:—"It is peculiarly refreshing to meet with Mr. Ward's work, in which one finds the everyday problem of rich and poor and right and wrong set forth with frank and vital realism."

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSELLERS.

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1, Adelphi Terrace, London.

HISTORY OF THE SCIENCES.

A NEW AND IMPORTANT SERIES OF POPULAR BOOKS.

HITHERTO there have been few, if any, really popular works touching the historical growth of the various great branches of knowledge. The ordinary primer leaves unexploited the deep human interest which belongs to the sciences as contributing to progress and civilisation, and calling into play the faculties of many of the finest minds. Something more attractive is wanted.

The above need in literature has now been met. Each book in THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE SERIES is written by an expert in the given subject, and by one who has studied the history as well as the conclusions of his own branch of science. The volumes are of about 160 pp. crown 8vo, bound in cloth, with gilt lettering, and contain from twelve to sixteen carefully prepared illustrations including portraits of celebrated discoverers, many from originals not hitherto reproduced. A concise up-to-date bibliography adds greatly to the value of each book. The price of each is only 1s. net.

NOW READY.

HISTORY OF ASTRONOMY.

By PROFESSOR GEORGE FORBES, M.A., F.R.S. 164 pp., with illustrations; cloth 1s., by post 1s. 3d.

HISTORY OF CHEMISTRY.

Vol. I. circa 2000 B.C. to 1850 A.D. By SIR EDWARD THORPE, C.B., LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S. 156 pp., with illustrations; cloth, 1s., by post 1s. 3d.

IN PREPARATION.

HISTORY OF CHEMISTRY.

Vol. II. 1850 A.D. to date. By SIR EDWARD THORPE.

HISTORY OF GEOGRAPHY.

By DR. JOHN SCOTT KELTIE, F.R.G.S., F.S.S., F.S.A.

HISTORY OF GEOLOGY.

By HORACE B. WOODWARD, F.R.S., F.G.S.

HISTORY OF BIOLOGY.

By PROFESSOR L. C. MIALL, F.R.S.

HISTORY OF ANTHROPOLOGY.

By PROFESSOR A. C. HADDON, M.A., Sc.D., F.R.S.

HISTORY OF OLD TESTAMENT CRITICISM.

By PROFESSOR ARCHIBALD DUFF.

HISTORY OF NEW TESTAMENT CRITICISM.

By F. C. CONYBEARE, M.A.

The above series is being issued for the Rationalist Press Association, Limited, by WATTS & Co., 17, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

A complete catalogue, with free specimen copy of the *Literary Guide* and particulars of the R.P.A., will be sent on receipt of a post-card.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

MONTHLY.

NOVEMBER, 1909.

2s. 6d.

MODERN POETRY**JOHN CALSWORTHY****R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM****C. F. KEARY****ELLA D'ARCY****FORD MADDOX HUEFFER****ENGLISH LITERATURE OF****J. A. HOBSON****HENRY W. NEVINSON****C. P. GOOCH, M.P.****"VIDVAN"****SYDNEY BROOKS****E. S. P. HAYNES****FOSTER WATSON****D. H. LAWRENCE****John Lazarus****The Neighbours****Letters from America****The Captive****The Antiquary (2)****The Chronicles of Hilde-****shelm****A Call (4)****TO-DAY Editorial****The Extension of Liberalism****Women's Vote and Men****The Constitutional Crisis:****A Liberal View****India in England****Tammany****Divorce Law Reform****The English Educational****Renaissance**

Subscription—One Year 30s.; Six Months 15s.

CHAPMAN & HALL, 11, Henrietta Street, W.C.

Injun girls, and men like Tobey with half-breeds. But I ain't bin lookin' that way. I bin lookin' only towards you." He laughed eagerly, and lifted a tin cup of whisky standing on a table near. "I'm lookin' towards you now, Nance. Your health and mine together. It's got to be settled now. You got to go to the 'Cife Coast with Bantry, or North with me."

The girl jerked a shoulder and frowned a little. He seemed so sure of himself.

"Or South with Nick Pringle, or East with someone else," she said, quizzically. "There's always four quarters to the compass, even when Abe Hawley thinks he owns the world and has a mortgage on eternity. I'm not going West with Bantry; but there's three other points that's open."

With an oath the man caught her by the shoulders, and swung her round to face him. He was swelling with anger.

"You—Nick Pringle, that trading cheat, that gambler! After four years, I—"

"Let go my shoulders," she said, quietly. "I'm not your property. Go and get some Piegan girl to bully. Keep your hands off. I'm not a bronco for you to bit and bridle. You've got no rights. You—" Suddenly she relented, seeing the look in his face, and realising that, after all, it was a tribute to herself that she could keep him for four years and rouse him to such fury. "But, yee, Abe," she added, "you have some rights. We've been good friends all these years, and you've been all right out here. You said some nice things about me just now, and I liked it, even if it was as if you'd learned it out of a book. I've got no po'try in me; I'm plain homespun. I'm a sapling, I'm not any prairie flower, but I like when I like, and I like a lot when I like: I'm a bit of hickory, I'm not a prairie flower—"

Any girl might, of course, say, "I'm not your property. Go and get some Piegan girl to bully"; but the author's imagination cannot reach beyond this, and descends into the false emphasis of the art of the popular oleograph. "I've got no po'try in me; I'm plain homespun. I'm a sapling, I'm not any prairie flower; but I like when I like, and I like a lot when I like," &c., and these stilted and theatrical phrases are exchanged between a man and a woman who have known one another for four years! It's not merely the lack of life, freshness, and ease in the talk in all the stories that is apparent, but the situations themselves are vamped up, and follow in the well-worn grooves of trans-pontine legend. Therefore the stories no doubt will be popular. The mass of the public likes to read what it expects to read, to have the manner with which it is familiar repeated, to renew the conventions on which its theory of this or that type of society is formed. All these requirements Sir Gilbert Parker's books fulfil.

It is pleasing to turn to the unaffected sincerity of Mr. Hamlin Garland's tale. The scene is the Dakota prairie in the spring of 1883. A new settler, Burke, and his young wife Blanche, who have sold their farm in Illinois, are reaching their "claims" on the unsurveyed land twelve miles east of the Western Coteaux. Crowds of other emigrants are arriving. "All ages and sexes came to take claims. Old men, lone and feeble, school teachers from the East, young girls from the towns of the older countries, boys not yet of age—everywhere incoming claimants were setting stakes upon the green and beautiful soil." The peculiar exhilaration of the early days of home building, of the friendly rivalry of the incoming settlers, of the charm of new intimacies between the men and women who find themselves neighbors, all is admirably touched off. Note, for example, how firm and sure is each stroke in this little picture:—

After leaving the ranch they struck out over the prairie, where no wagon wheel but theirs had ever passed. . . . A few antelopes scurried away out of the path, and a wolf sitting on a height gravely watched the teams, as if marvelling at their coming. The wind swept out of the west clear and cold. The sky held no shred of cloud. The air was like some all-powerful intoxicant, and when Bailey pointed out a row of little stakes and said, "There's the railroad," their imagination supplied the trains, the wheat, the houses, the towns which were to come.

At the claim Blanche sat on a box and watched the two men as they swiftly built the little cabin which was to be her home. Their hammers rang merrily, and soon she was permitted to go inside and look up at the great sky which roofed it in. This was an emotional moment to her. As she sat there listening to the voices of the men who were drawing this fragile shelter around her, a great awe fell upon her. It seemed as if she had drawn a little nearer to the Almighty Creator of the universe. Here, where no white man had ever set foot, she was watching the founding of her own house. Was it a home? Could it ever be a home?

Swiftly the roof closed over her head, and the floor crept under her feet. The stove came in, and the flour-barrel, and the few household articles which they had brought followed,

and as the sun was setting they all sat down to supper in her new home.

The smell of the fresh pine was round them. Geese were flying over. Cranes were dancing down by the ponds, prairie-chickens were booming. The open doorway—doorless yet—looked out on the sea-like plain glorified by the red sun just sinking over the purple line of treeless hills to the west. It was the bare, raw materials of a State, and they were in at the beginning of it.

After Bailey left them the husband and wife sat in silence. When they spoke it was in low voices. It seemed as if God could hear what they said—that He was just there behind the glory of the western clouds.

The change of mood that falls on everybody with the advent of the summer heat is most subtly indicated. As Burke hires himself out to plough for other men, his young wife, Blanche, is left alone a good deal, and an intimacy springs up between her and the pleasant, boyish land-agent and store-keeper, Rivers. August comes, and no rain falls. Great clouds rise over the horizon, and "only to pass with a swoop like the flight of silent, great eagles, followed by a trailing garment of dust . . . leaving the sky and plain as beautiful, as placid, and as dry as before." The settlers grow anxious for their crops, and a little bitter. September and October pass quickly. And with the coming of November the winds sweep pitilessly cold and keen out of the untracked north-west, over the grey, treeless prairie. There is no fuel to be had except coal from the city, and it is very high in price. Most of the squatters have spent their last dollar, and are waiting to "prove off" while they live on canned food. Then December comes, with its furious snow blizzards hissing over the icy plain, and the temperature falls far below zero. The picture of the wife's disillusionment in her new life and her bitter alienation from her husband, and the development of her intimacy with Rivers, have the force of actual life. We cannot dwell here on the dramatic sequel. Mr. Garland makes no mistake, except in a few pages towards the close, where the ethics of the situation are unnecessarily debated. Apart from this, the artistic handling of the relationships between the four leading characters is masterly.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

To summarise the origins and developments of "Art in Great Britain and Ireland" (Heinemann, 6s. net), in a volume of little more than 300 pages—which, moreover, contains some 600 typographic blocks—has been the not altogether enviable task of Sir Walter Armstrong, the Director of the National Gallery of Ireland. It would be easy enough to find flaws in the arrangement of the book. It appears to us, for instance, to be overloaded with illustrations, so that a very large number of them are not within measurable distance of that portion of the text they illustrate; but the intention, and, on the whole, the achievement, of the work is so excellent that such criticism would be ungracious. Roughly speaking, Sir Walter Armstrong has divided his subject into two main sections, the first of which deals with architecture and the minor arts, and the second with painting and sculpture. The architectural chapters are an excellent introduction, concise without being bald, to the study of the whole subject. The first two chapters are a general discussion of primitive art in the British Isles, an important feature of which discussion is a clear exposition of the linear character and subjective feeling of Celtic work; and then the main movements in British architecture are traced through nine chapters, from the rude Anglo-Saxon building to the Modern Renaissance of our own day. One may note that a stout championship of English Gothic as an individual growth, and not as a mere imitation of the French, as some writers have sought to prove it is, forms one of Sir Walter Armstrong's principal themes for argument. In drawing attention to the architectural thoughtfulness that the present generation is disposed to lavish on small, unimportant buildings, for which at one time anything was good enough, he recalls one of the most hopeful phases of our Modern Renaissance; while he shows a catholic sympathy towards the English Palladian and its variations, as seen in most of the public buildings that have recently grown up in the metropolis. The section on painting, while it is characteristically well-informed, has not quite the grip of the other. It strikes us as being too much of an encyclo-

NOW READY.**The
Great Question.****FREE TARIFF
or
TRADE REFORM?**

By
J. M. ROBERTSON, M.P., and L. M. S. AMERY.
In crown 8vo, stiff boards. 1s. net.

A STATEMENT, impartially presented by the Publishers, giving the arguments of two well-known exponents who, writing to a given syllabus, state the case each from his own standpoint. An invaluable book for those who wish to be well up in the pros and cons of Tariff Reform.

**The
Great Question.****TARIFF FREE
or
REFORM? TRADE**

By
L. M. S. AMERY, and J. M. ROBERTSON, M.P.

Published by SIR ISAAC PITMAN & SONS, Ltd., LONDON, E.C.

Just published. La. Cr. 8vo. 640 pp. Cloth, 6s. net.
THE PRINCE OF DESTINY.
A Romance, By SARATH KUMAR GHOSH, Author of
"1001 Indian Nights."

Being a presentment of India by an Indian, it draws a picture of Indian life from the inside, with its social customs and moral idealism, its eternal patience, its religious fervour, its passionate love. The book also reveals the Indian view of the causes of the present unrest, and Britain's unseen peril in India. If Britain loses India, it will be by the neglect of such a warning. In the circumstances depicted it would need the extraordinary love of an extraordinary man like the hero to save Britain's cause.

Above all, this romance envelops the reader in the atmosphere of India as no work of a European has ever done, and is a storehouse of Indian information which could not be obtained from any other source. Withal, it unfolds a story full of dramatic interest and instinct with deep emotions.

Ready November 2nd. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 12s. 6d. net.

PROGRESSIVE REDEMPTION:

The Catholic Church, its Functions and Offices in the World reviewed in the Light of the Ancient Mysteries and Modern Science.

By Rev. HOLDEN E. SAMPSON.

Author of "Progressive Creation" (see below).

This book, by its powerfully reasoned-out thesis, is of profound interest and importance to theologians, clergymen, ministers and religious thinkers and workers generally.

Now ready. Two demy 8vo. vols. Cloth, 21s. net.

PROGRESSIVE CREATION:

A Reconciliation of Religion with Science.

By Rev. HOLDEN E. SAMPSON.

A book that has confessedly baffled the reviewers, and of which Mr. Arthur E. Waite has said, "it is of the quality of Revelation."

Now Ready. Demy 8vo 736 pp., including Bibliography and copious Index. Cloth 12s. 6d. net.

THE HIDDEN CHURCH OF THE HOLY GRAAL:
Its Legends and Symbolism. Considered in their Affinity with certain Mysteries of Initiation and other traces of a Secret Tradition in Christian Times.
By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE.

Recently issued. Demy 8vo, 452 pp. 7s. 6d. net.

SCIENTIFIC IDEALISM:

Or, Matter and Force, and their Relation to Life and Consciousness. By WILLIAM KINGSLAND, Author of "The Mystic Quest," "The Esoteric Basis of Christianity," &c.
"It is an ably written volume."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

Just issued. Crown 8vo, paper covers. 1s. net, by post, 1s. 1d.

THE CASE FOR ALCOHOL:

Or, The Action of Alcohol on Body and Soul.
By Dr. ROBERT PARK.

Descriptive Circulars of these and other
LONDON:
REBMAN, Ltd.,



Important Books sent on application.
129, Shaftesbury Ave
W.C.

For Your Library List

THE CAT IN HISTORY, LEGEND, AND ART. Written and Illustrated by ANNE MARKS.
Crown 4to, cloth gilt, 6s. net (by post, 6s. 4d.).

The cult of the cat must prove of interest even to those who are not professed lovers of the animal.

Milton on the Continent

A Key to *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*.

By Mrs. FANNY BYSE.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 4s. 6d. net (by post, 4s. 9d.).

Second edition, enriched by further observations concerning Milton's sojourn in the Rhone Valley and on the Simplon Pass in the light of *Faudois* legends and poems.

LITERARY BYE-PATHS AND VAGARIES, AND OTHER PAPERS

By THOMAS NEWBIGGING. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 4s. 6d. net (by post 4s. 10d.).

A series of interesting essays on out-of-the-way subjects, with the true literary note that the book-lover enjoys.

THE WAY OUT

Or, From the Comparative to the Positive in Religious Thought.

By LAMPADEPHOROS. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s. net (by post, 6s. 4d.).

In this volume, which might be called "The Old Truths from a New Point of View," the Author throws a fresh light and has an original restatement to make concerning Christ's Christianity.

THE HARP AND THE ROSE

By "CARITAS." Cloth gilt, 3s. net (by post, 3s. 3d.).

A collection of Poems which, like harp songs and wild roses, may help and cheer weary travellers on the dusty paths of this everyday world.

VERSES IN TWILIGHT

By the Rev. PHILLIP WINTER DE QUETTEVILLE. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d. net (by post 2s. 9d.).

A volume of secular and religious verse, the sweet melody of which will charm the reader.

Write for Catalogue No. 102 of Antiquarian Literature, free by post.

LONDON: ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

Mr. MURRAY'S NEW BOOKS

Now ready, 2s. 6d. net. With Illustrations.

THE NAVY LEAGUE ANNUAL.

(Corrected to October 10th, 1909).

Founded and Edited by ALAN H. BURGOYNE.

A Popular Book for the information of the Public upon all matters concerning the progress of the British and Foreign Navies.

LETTERS FROM THE PENINSULA (1808-1812).

By LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM WARRE, C.B., K.T.S. Edited by his Nephew, the REV. EDMOND WARRE, D.D., C.B., M.V.O. With Portrait and Map. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

THE MEDICI. By COLONEL G. F. YOUNG, C.B. With numerous Illustrations. 2 vols., Demy 8vo, 36s. net.

This is the most elaborate and complete account of the Medici Family which has yet been written, and treats of them from their rise in 1400 to their end in 1745. In their time they played many important parts, and the narrative of their history makes a book which not only the reading public, but students will be anxious to read.

A Volume of Verse.

SONGS OF MEMORY & HOPE.

By HENRY NEWBOLT. Author of "The Sailings of the Longships," &c. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL'S New Novel.
THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS.
6s.

ELIZABETH ROBINS' New Novel.
THE FLORENTINE FRAME.
6s.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, W.

pædia of artists, too little of a reasoned review of the tendencies they illustrate. The desire to leave nobody out is especially prominent in the chapter on present-day painting, with the result that dozens of artists appear to be mentioned simply for mention's sake, space not permitting any adequate appreciation of their work, however concise. But the book on the whole is a wonderful production in hand-books, and a good index enhances its value as a work of reference.

MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS is one of the most successful of modern interpreters of France and of French ways of life to the English people, and the French Government have recognised the merit of her writings by making her an Officer of Public Instruction. Her intimate knowledge of what is almost the country of her adoption gives a special value and authority to most of her books, though this is not so evident in her latest volume, "French Vignettes" (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net), as in some of its predecessors. It consists of a series of sketches, each of them dealing with a "dramatic episode" in the French history of the period between the eve of the Revolution and the fall of the Second Empire. The book begins with an account of Mirabeau's "Lettres à Julie," and this is followed by sketches of the lives of Madame Roland, Dr. Guillotin, Louvet de Couvray (one of the six Girondists who made good their escape and again took their seats in the Convention), the Duc d'Enghien, and Philarète Chasles. Miss Betham-Edwards styles Philarète Chasles "a pioneer of the *entente cordiale*," and it cannot be doubted that Chasles's lectures and his "Le Dix-neuvième Siècle en Angleterre" did something to promote an interest in English affairs among French men of letters. It is not clear, however, that Chasles's interest in England was due to anything more than a search for copy, since he exploited Germany and the United States in much the same way. Miss Betham-Edwards mentions Sainte-Beuve, though she omits the story of how Chasles's father came to be the great critic's tutor. Sainte-Beuve's uncle, searching for a tutor for his nephew, was introduced to Pierre-Jacques Chasles. The latter, by way of showing his skill in teaching, ordered his son to mount upon a table and declaim a Greek poem from memory. The boy was Philarète Chasles, who proved quite equal to the occasion. The contents of Miss Betham-Edwards's volume are rightly called vignettes, and make no attempts at full-length portraiture. Some of the subjects have been often treated, but they are handled here with ease and freshness.

The Week in the City.

THE Five per Cent. Bank rate has been working satisfactorily. The Bank secured the gold on Monday, and, much to the relief of speculative investors, the Imperial Bank at Berlin did not raise its rate, though that step had been anticipated. Dear money does not seem to be working serious mischief, though, of course, the Stock Exchange boom, of which Mr. Lloyd George spoke, has gone off since the official rate rose to 4 and 5 per cent. During the month ending October 20th the market value of the 387 representative securities selected by the "Bankers' Magazine" for comparison showed a net decline of £26,906,000, or 0.72 per cent., the aggregate on September 20th having been £3,759,528,000, as against £3,732,622,000 at the later date. The following table shows the fluctuations (in millions) month by month for the past three years:—

(PAR VALUE 387 SECURITIES, £3,424,586,000.)

	1907.	1908.	1909.		1907.	1908.	1909.
January ..	3,843	3,582	3,645	July ...	3,634	3,597	3,727
February ..	3,816	3,559	3,651	August ...	3,498	3,605	3,767
March ...	3,691	3,549	3,593	September ..	3,532	3,625	3,760
April ...	3,693	3,552	3,695	October ...	3,506	3,604	3,733
May ...	3,656	3,599	3,731	November ..	3,457	3,650	—
June ...	3,588	3,599	3,723	December ..	3,500	3,638	—

The total declines in the past month amounted to £30,597,000, but there were gains of £3,691,000, to which South African Mines contributed £1,819,000, or 2 per cent. British Funds fell £8,420,000, or 1.1 per cent.; Home Railway Ordinary Stocks £5,082,000, or 1.8 per cent.; American Railroad shares £6,025,000, or 1.3 per cent.; and Foreign Government

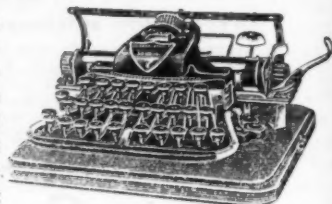
Are You a Writer?

Whether Journalist, Student, Secretary—whatever status you occupy where writing is essential, you will find the greatest possible help from the . . .

BLICK ENSDERFER

Visible Writing
TYPEWRITER

This Machine does beautiful work, and fulfils all the practical purposes of a high-priced Machine. It can be had in three different Models at



Prices from £9 9s. to £13 13s.

Less Liberal Cash Discount or Easy Terms.

All Models have Visible Writing, Interchangeable Type, Perfect and Permanent Alignment, Variable Line Widths, together with a handiness all their own.

The "Oriental" pattern writes at will either from left to right or from right to left. Can be arranged to work in almost every language upon the one machine, including Hebrew and English.

WRITE FOR LIST No. 76 NOW.

THE BLICKENSERFER CO., LTD.,
9 & 10, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

The Daily News

PRINTED SIMULTANEOUSLY
in LONDON & MANCHESTER.

"The Daily News" the
representative Liberal Daily,
is on sale all over England
first thing in the morning.

If you have any difficulty in procuring a
copy communicate with the publisher.

LONDON AND MANCHESTER

Price One Halfpenny.

Head Offices: BOUVERIE STREET & FLEET STREET, E.C.
Telephone: 2626 Holborn (3 lines).

Northern Offices: 53, DALE STREET, MANCHESTER.
Telephone: 9031 Central.

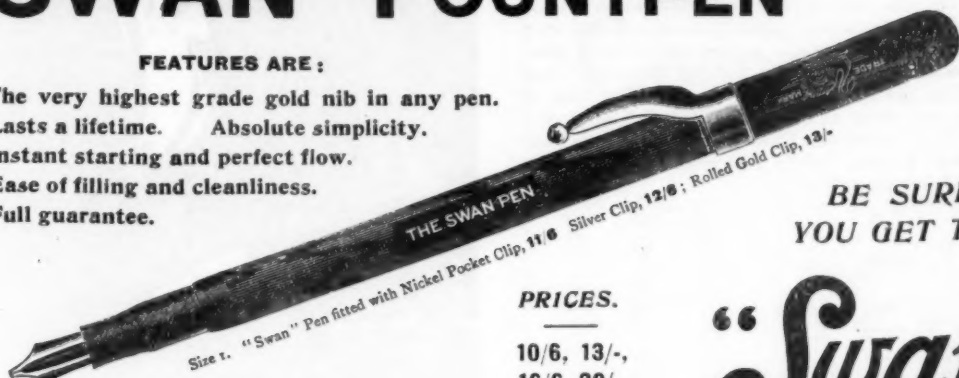
"All That a Pen Should Be"

Can only be said—and truly said of the "SWAN."

"SWAN" FOUNTPEN

FEATURES ARE:

The very highest grade gold nib in any pen.
Lasts a lifetime. Absolute simplicity.
Instant starting and perfect flow.
Ease of filling and cleanliness.
Full guarantee.



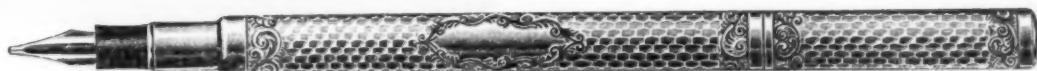
BE SURE
YOU GET THE

Swan

THE BUSY WRITER'S
PEN

PRICES.

10/6, 13/-,
16/6, 20/-,
25/-, 30/-,
45/- to £20.



Write for Catalogue.

Size 1. Full Covered, Hammered, Silver, 42/-; 18-ct. Rolled Gold, 45/-.

MABIE, TODD & CO., 79-80, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Branches: -93, Cheapside, E.C.; 93a, Regent Street, W.; 3, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER; and at PARIS, BRUSSELS, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, and SYDNEY.

CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Edited by David Patrick, LL.D.

3 vols. cloth, £1 11s. 6d. net.; half mor., £2 5s. net.

A History Critical and Biographical of Authors in the English Tongue from the Earliest Times till the Present Day, with Specimens of their Writing. Illustrated with nearly Three Hundred Portraits.

Mr. Clement K. Shorter, writing in the Sphere says: "I must offer my congratulations to Dr. David Patrick on the production of a book which seems to me to far exceed any previous effort in the way of a complete history of English Literature."

CHAMBERS'S 20th CENTURY DICTIONARY.

1216 pages, 3s. 6d.

Pronouncing, Explanatory, Etymological,
with illustrations.

Contains over 100,000 references.

Journal of Education says

"A Miracle of Scholarship and Cheapness."

"IN USE EVERY DAY."

A DICTIONARY OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE.
REVISED TO 1908.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA

It is safe to assert that no set of books will prove more generally useful in every household than the 1908 issue of this world-renowned work, which is a storehouse of information on every conceivable subject.

Glasgow News.

"For speedy reference and satisfactory information on almost any topic, nothing can compare with Chambers's Encyclopædia."

COMPLETE

in

TEN VOLUMES.

Apply to your

Bookseller for

Cash Prices.

CHAMBERS'S CONCISE GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD.

Edited by DAVID PATRICK, LL.D.

768 Pages, cloth, 6s. net.

Pronouncing, Topographical, Statistical, Historical.

Pall Mall Gazette says—"For all practical working purposes a thoroughly sufficient and admirable desk companion."

CHAMBERS'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY.

Edited by DAVID PATRICK, LL.D.

1006 Pages, cloth, 10s. 6d.; half mor., 13s.

Dealing with many thousand Celebrities of all nations, from the remotest Times to the Present Day; with copious Bibliographies and Pronunciations of the more difficult names.

CHAMBERS'S Large Type ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

1264 Pages, cloth, 12s. 6d.; half mor., 18s.

A Library Dictionary of the English Language giving the Explanation, Pronunciation and Etymology of Words; together with Compound Phrases, Technical Terms in use in the Arts and Sciences, &c.

STOKES' CYCLOPÆDIA of FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

773 Pages, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.; half mor., 7s. 6d. net.

This volume will prove of immense value to Teachers, Public Speakers, Legal and Literary Men, and Readers generally.

Nottingham Guardian says—"WE do not know any work of the kind in the market better adapted for every-day use."

Prospectuses on
Application to

W. & R. CHAMBERS, Ltd.,

38 Soho Square, London, W.
339 High Street, Edinburgh.

Stocks £5,060,000, or 0·6 per cent. The valuation is still about £280,000,000 higher than in November, 1907. The assassination of Prince Ito in Korea is, of course, prejudicial to Japanese stocks; but the Japanese Government has a Sinking Fund and uses it cleverly on such occasions to support the market.

BRITISH STOCKS AND PARTIES.

A good deal of interest has been excited by the controversy as to the effects of British Governments upon British stocks. It is hardly necessary to observe that even Mr. Lloyd George himself cannot control the course of business and speculation. But the "Daily Telegraph" has pledged itself to prove that this Government has been at work ruining the credit of the nation and of "our native securities." Our native securities prove to be merely railway companies; for the "Daily Telegraph" illustrates its thesis by the following table:—

	Jan. 1906.	April 28, 1909.	Oct. 20, 1909.
Consols	90½	85	82½
Brighton Def.	130	88½	85½
Chatham First Prefcs.	128	68	65
Gt. Central Prefd. Ord.	38	21½	20
Great Eastern	91	64	58
Great Northern Def.	46	44½	40½
Great Western	144	120½	119
Lancashire and Yorks.	110	90	89
Midland Def.	74	57	54½
North-Eastern	146	127	127
North Western	161	137½	130½
South-Eastern Def.	55	34	29½
South-Western Ord.	164	137	131

Strange to say this table has been hailed with tremendous acclamation by guileless journalists all over the country, who forget that British Railways are saddled with an extraordinary number of incompetent directors, that first-class carriages have been emptied by motor-cars, and that the third-class suburban traffic has been badly hit by tramway competition. The downward movement of Consols is partly due to the declining taste for low-interest securities, partly to heavy issues of Irish Land Stock. But figures, as a correspondent of the "Yorkshire Post" remarks, are dangerous things to meddle with," since they are definite and exact, and available to any one who wishes to consult them. If the fall in British stocks from 1906 to 1909 is to be attributed to the present Government, then it is only reasonable, argues Mr. Cridland in the letter I have referred to, that we should attribute the fall in Stocks from 1897 to 1906 to the late Government.

The following table shows the decline in Consols and the leading home railways in the ten years from 1897 to 1906, when the Conservatives were in office, and shows what happened to "our native securities" in that period:—

	Average price, 1897.	Average price, 1906.	Decline.
Consols	112	88	24
Brighton Deferred	178	121	57
Midland Deferred	95	68	27
G. N. R. Deferred	62	44	18
G. W. R. Ordinary	173	133	40
G. C. R. Preference	75	36	39
India Three per Cent.	110	94	16
Chatham 2nd Pref.	82	57	25
Birmingham 3 per Cent.	114	92	22
Birmingham 2½ per Cent.	100	77	23
Bradford 3½ per Cent.	120	110	10
N. E. R. Ordinary	117	140	23
Bass & Co. 5 per Cent. Preference	151	112	39

Thus it appears that under Conservative management Consols declined 24 points, i.e., three times as many points as they have declined during the present Government, and if the depreciation since 1906 is 50 millions, then the depreciation from 1897-1906 amounted to the enormous total of 150 millions. Some discount must be allowed for the change from 2½ to 2⅔ per cent., but Mr. Cridland's table shows how absurd it is to refer the financial depreciation in stocks to the existing Government. If the figures proved anything it might be argued that both the Conservative and the Liberal Government cause a decline of Stocks, and the Socialists might be allowed to try their hand to put matters right!

The causes of the tremendous fall in Consols between 1897 and 1906 were, of course, the suspension of the Sinking Fund and the huge additions to debt during the Boer War, and the extension of Trustee Securities by Mr. Chamberlain for the benefit of the Colonies. In view of the growing belief that the House of Lords will reject the Budget, and of the "Times" suggestion that pensions may be paid out of a new loan, I am rather surprised that Consols do not fall much lower.

LUCILLUM.



"..... and I find that the smoking of
a pipe of

CHAIRMAN

teaches a philosophy that is well worth knowing. Its fine qualities have a pleasing and soothing effect, minimising the little troubles and difficulties of life. It never obtrudes and it never palls, but, week in and week out, is the one tobacco that gives to most men the greatest pleasure in smoking—a pleasure which only the right tobacco for their palate can give. It is cool—always cool—and burns evenly to the last shred with a rich and pleasing aroma."

BOARDMAN'S

is the same tobacco milder, and

RECORDER

the same but fuller flavoured.

Most tobacconists sell them at 6d. per oz. in 1 and 2 oz. packets, and ¼ and ½ lb. tins.

R. J. LEA, MANCHESTER.

**Check the
coming cold**



You know, before it definitely grips you, *that* cold is coming.

If you *wait* for it to come, you'll have your cold with you its usual time.

But if you prepare to meet it, you'll win.

A coming cold is a cold turned-back if met by a

Mustard Bath

—a bath to which a couple of tablespoonfuls or so of COLMAN'S MUSTARD have been added. Try it yourself. And remember for *next* time.

Colman's mustard

THE BUDGET OF 1909.

SEE

The Economist

OF OCT. 16,

giving a clear summary of
the Budget
in Plain English.

OFFICE: Post Free, 8½d.

3, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND,
LONDON, W.C.

Rowntree's Cocoa

has a delight-
fully rich
flavour.
It is
delicious.

MAKERS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.



Mr. ANDREW MELROSE

HAS JUST PUBLISHED

ROSEMARY'S LETTER BOOK.

By W. L. COURTNEY. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 7s. 6d. net.

AN IMPORTANT WORK.

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

An Essay in Criticism. By LAURIE MAGNUS, M.A., Oxon.
Impl. 16mo, gilt top, 7s. 6d. net. (Second Thousand.)

THREE FINE NOVELS AT 6s.

CONFESSIONS TO MY WIFE.

Translated from the French of HENRI DE NOUSSANNE by
M. HARRIET M. CAPES.

JOHNNY LEWISON.

By A. E. JACOMB, author of "The Faith of His Fathers."

THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME.

By E. CHARLES VIVIAN, author of "The Shadow of
Christine."

3, York Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.

A POLITICAL NOVEL OF THE HOUR. THE GREAT APPEAL.

By JOSEPH KEATING, Author of "Son of Judith," &c.

"The chief characters under thinly-veiled disguises, are well known in the political and literary world, and the chief incidents of the novel bear a striking resemblance to the rumours of negotiations which are said to be taking place between Cabinet Ministers and ex- cabinet Ministers and a high authority in the realm. Mr. Keating's prophetic conceptions were so startling that publishers were chary of accepting the novel when it was first offered some time ago."

Daily Chronicle.

LONDON: EVERETT & CO., 42, Essex Street, W.C.

A SELECTION FROM THE LISTS OF A. C. FIFIELD, Progressive Publisher.

6d. each nett. Post free, 7d. each.

(in 1 cloth, 1s. 2d. each.)

TOLSTOY AND HIS MESSAGE. By Ernest Crosby. 7th thousand.
TOLSTOY AS A SCHOOLMASTER. By E. Crosby. 5th thousand.
SAVINGS OF TOLSTOY. Selected by A. C. Fifield. 3d thousand.
MASTER AND MAN. A Story. By Leo Tolstoy. 5th thousand.
WILLIAM MORRIS, Craftsman-Socialist. By Holbrook Jackson.

HENRY GEORGE AND HIS GOSPEL. By Lt.-Col. D. C. Pedder.
ROBERT OWEN, Social Reformer. By Joseph Clayton.
EDWARD CARPENTER, Poet and Prophet. By Ernest Crosby.
RICHARD JEFFERIES, His Life and His Ideals. By M. S. Salt.
BRITISH ARISTOCRACY AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS. By Edward Carpenter.

HOW ARE THE CLERGY PAID? By Dr. T. Bennett.
DISSENT: What it Means. By Dr. T. Bennett.
WHY YOUR MANUSCRIPTS RETURN. By "A Reader."
NO RHEUMATISM: How to Cure Rheumatism, Gout and Lumbago, and Prevent Their Recurrence. By Arnold Elliott, Ph.D., B.Sc.

WINNING A LIVING ON FOUR ACRES. By Fred. A. Morton.
SOCIALISM AND THE FAMILY. By H. G. Wells. 3rd edition.
SOCIALISM AND RELIGION. Fabian Socialist Series, 1.
SOCIALISM AND AGRICULTURE. Fabian Socialist Series, 2.
SOCIALISM AND INDIVIDUALISM. Fabian Socialist Series, 3.
THE BASIS AND POLICY OF SOCIALISM. Fabian Socialist Series, 4.
THE COMMONS OF MUNICIPAL TRADING. G. B. Shaw. Fabian Socialist Series, 5.
SOCIALISM AND NATIONAL MINIMUM. Fabian Soc. Series, 6.
THE WASTAGE OF CHILD LIFE. Fabian Socialist Series, 7.

1s. each nett. Post free, 1s. 2d.

CLOSER UNION. A Letter on African Problems. By Olive Schreiner.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF INDIAN NATIONALISM. By H. M. Howells. With an Introduction by DR. RUTHERFORD, M.P.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By H. G. Wells. (In the press.)

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE LORDS. By Joseph Clayton.

THE BISHOPS AS LEGISLATORS. By Joseph Clayton.

WHERE MEN DECAY (The Rural Problem). By Lt.-Col. D. C. Pedder.

POVERTY AND HEREDITARY GENIUS. By F. C. Constable, M.A.

LANDHOLDING IN ENGLAND, in Relation to Poverty. By Mary A. M. Marks.

THE CORN LAWS. A Popular History of. Same Author.

SHEAR MY SHEEP. A Social Satire. By Dennis Hird, M.A.

PRISONS, POLICE AND PUNISHMENT. By Edward Carpenter.

HOW I WORK MY SMALL FARM. By F. E. Green. 3rd edition.

LONDON: A. C. FIFIELD, 44, FLEET STREET, E.C.

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.

SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ per cent. INTEREST

allowed on Deposits repayable on demand.

2 per cent. INTEREST

on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.

All General Banking Business transacted.

ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.

C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

ESTATE AGENTS.



CROHAM PARK ESTATE, SOUTH CROYDON.

Healthy and Beautiful situation. Croham Hurst, Addington & Shirley Hills, & other lovely contiguous country.

ATTRACTIVE HOUSES.

Freehold from 1,000 guineas. Tennis Lawns, Motor-houses, & Stabling, four railway stations, 30 minutes from London.

Douglas Young and Co.,
Land Agents and Surveyors,
Office on Estate, and
61, Coleman Street, Bank, E.C.

TOURS.

ALPINE SPORTS LIMITED beg to announce that they have secured the entire accommodation in the following hotels for the winter season for SKATING, TOBOGGANNING, CURLING, SKI-ING and SLEIGHING:—MONTANA PALACE, VILLARS-STR-OLLON, the seven principal hotels; MORGINS-LES-BAINS, two hotels; ST. BEATENBERG, two hotels; KANDERSTEG, Hotel VICTORIA, WENGEN, four hotels; LENZERHEIDE, Kurhaus, BALLAIGUES, GRAND HOTEL AUBEPINE, &c. For illustrated handbook apply to The Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

BOOKS READY AND NEARLY READY.

THE LATE FATHER TYRRELL.

VERSIONS AND PERVERSIONS OF HEINE

AND OTHERS. With a Preface. By GEORGE TYRRELL. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

"It needs a poet to translate a poet, and to do the work well . . . Fitzgerald owes no apology to Omar. His 'Rubaiyat' is so much finer than all other versions. . . . In a lesser degree the same may be said of Father Tyrrell's posthumous volume of translations from Heine, Sully Prudhomme and others. They have a unique literary value and interest, derived directly from the genius of the translator himself. They bear testimony to the translator's rare skill, and many will welcome the volume quite apart from its conspicuous merits, as throwing a new light on a singularly gifted personality."—*Daily News*.

THE 'BROTHER LUZ DE SOUSA' OF VIS-
COUNT DE ALMEIDA GARRETT. Now for the first time done into English, with a Memorial Introduction by EDGAR PRESTAGE. Royal 16mo, 3s. net.

"A dignified tragedy, which excites pity by the simplicity and sadness of its story, and impresses by the lofty Christian idealism which pervades it. The work is here rendered into clear strong English, with an interesting biographical introduction of its author, the greatest of Portuguese romantics."—*Scotsman*.

PERSONAE OF EZRA POUND. Chalcily printed

for the Chiswick Press. Fcap 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

"The latest voice of the Americas. . . . It is steeped in foreign and Latin essences. . . . Mr. Pound has delighted in mocking the notes of many poets in many climes, he has studied the very economy of words in the 'Divina Commedia.' The result is startling, provocative, and unconventional to a degree, a challenge to the critics, a source of laughter and delight to his fellow craftsmen."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Nearly ready, uniform with above, 2s. 6d. net.

EXULTATIONS OF EZRA POUND.

New Volumes in the "Satchel" Series. Fcap 8vo, 1s. 6d. net.

THE VISION: (Studies of Mysticism). By MRS. HAMILTON SYNGE. With a Photogravure Frontispiece after G. F. Watts, R.A.

AIRY NOTHINGS: Humorous Verse. By JESSIE POPE. Author of "Paper Pellets."

ROSE AND VINE. By RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR. Author of "Poems." Crown 8vo, 5s. net. (Ready Monday next.)

A LITTLE FLEET. One of JACK B. YEATS'S Books for Children. With 12 Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, 1s. net. (Immediately.)

MEADOWS OF PLAY (Verses for Children). By MARGARET ARNDT. With an Introductory Letter by G. K. CHESTERTON. Illustrated by EDITH CALVERT. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

GOODCHILD'S GARLAND. By HENRY NEMO. Royal 16mo, Wrappers, 1s. net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

London: Elkin Mathews, Vigo Street, W.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE AS TO SCHOOLS.

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LTD. (a body of Oxford and Cambridge graduates), gives advice and assistance without charge to Parents and Guardians in the selection of schools (for GIRLS AND BOYS) at home or abroad, and as to Tutors (ARMY, NAVY, UNIVERSITY, &c.). A statement of the requirements should be sent to the Manager.

R. J. BEEVOR, M.A., 22 Craven Street, Trafalgar Square, W.C.
Telegrams: "TRIFORM, London." Telephone No.: GERRARD 1854.

CO-EDUCATION.

SIDCOT SCHOOL, WINSCOMBE, SOMERSET.

FOUNDED 1808.

80 BOYS. 64 GIRLS. Ages 11-18 years.

Under the Management of the Society of Friends.
All particulars from Dr. BEVAN LEAN, Headmaster.

BOOKSELLERS.

A SHILLING ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.

This Bible is printed in clear Pearl type, and contains 16 Photographs Views, 16 beautiful Figure Pictures after Collier, Delacroix, Hoffmann, Reynolds, Titian, etc.; 2 beautiful illuminated Title Pages and Maps; tastefully bound in crimson imitation leather, gilt edges, and round corners, 1s. 3d. post free, or 6 copies for 6s. 6d. post free.

Rev. ALAN BRODRICK, Broughton Gifford Rectory, writes:—"The Bibles are perfect books of art and cheapness."

The London Bible Warehouse, 53, Paternoster Row, E.C.

J. POOLE & CO., 104, Charing Cross Road, LONDON.

School, Classical, Mathematical, Scientific, and Students

BOOKSELLERS.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND.

All enquiries as to Prices of Books in our VERY LARGE STOCK answered.

PUBLISHERS' REMAINDERS

Catalogue No. 367. Just Out.

WILLIAM GLAISHER, LTD.,
265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Also a Useful and Comprehensive Catalogue of Current General Literature, Fiction, Science, Art, &c.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THACKERAY'S HOTEL (Temperance)
GREAT RUSSELL STREET.

Passenger Lift. Electric Light in all Rooms. Bath-rooms on every floor. Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms, heated throughout. All Floors Fire-proof. Perfect Sanitation. Night Porter. Telephone. BEDROOMS, including attendance, from 3/6 to 6/0. Full Tariff and Testimonials post free on application.
Telegraphic Address—"Thackeray, London."

LONDON.

WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. WILD, C.C., Man. Direc.,
30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

BOLTON.

THE THREE CROWNS, Deansgate, Bolton. Convenient and
Central. Frank Shore.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDEO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE.
Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.

THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) Hotel. Close Pier; 1st Class; moderate

SILVER HOW.. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30/- week

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.

BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport

BRIGHTON.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston

BUXTON.

ST. ANN'S HOTEL. First Hotel

DARTMOOR-YELVERTON.

THE TORS PRIVATE HOTEL (on pension). Tel. 199. Mrs. F. Sara

DEAL.

BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson

EASTBOURNE.

CLARENCE Private Hotel & Boarding House. Sumex Gdns. 5/- day

HADDON HALL, Devonshire Place, overlooking Sea. 5/- day

EDINBURGH.

ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel

GREAT YARMOUTH.

MELTON LODGE RESIDENTIAL MANSION. Facing Sea. 10/- per day

GREAT YELDHAM-ESSEX.

THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

RED LION HOTEL. Overlooking famous Regatta Course

ILFRACOMBE.

COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 rooms. Facing Sea

KEARSLEY (FARNWORTH), S.O. LANCs.

CHURCH HOTEL. Bowling Green and Cheap Refreshments

LANCASTER.

BOAR'S HEAD HOTEL. Wm. McIntosh

MARKET HALL RESTAURANT. Prop., J. E. Douthwaite

LEEDS.

HOTEL METROPOLE. 2 minutes' walk from either station

LIVERPOOL.

COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. Wm. Russell

Telegrams: "Compton." Telephone 3032 Royal, 3 wires

GRAPES HOTEL, Tarleton St. Snacks and Luncheons. Tel. 3074

Royal. G. Cutts, Prop.

LLANDUDNO.

The WHITE HORSE Boarding Estab., centre of Prom., facing sea

LLANELLY.

CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver

LYNTON (Devon).

ROYAL CASTLE FAMILY HOTEL. Grounds 9 acres

MALVERN.

HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & Manager—J. Wilson

MANCHESTER.

"OLD SWAN," Victoria Station Approach.—Best and most

reliable train information.

BRITISH STANDARD, River St., Hulme, Manchester. Football

and Cricket Resort. T. Livesay.

HOTELS AND HYDROS, &c.

MATLOCK.

SMEDLEY'S HYDRO. Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links (18 holes)

NELSON.

RAMSDEN'S HOTEL and Restaurant. One Minute from Station

OXFORD (near).

SUNNINGWELL HALL, Boar's Hill. Dry, Sunny, Golf, &c., Lecture

PENTRE.

PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles

PORTSMOUTH.

SPEEDWELL HOTEL. A. Grigsby, Proprietor

SOUTHPORT.

KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier, Lord St., Band and Illu-

minations. Turkish, Electric, Hydropathic, &c., Baths & Treatment

ROWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Aft'-noon Teas, Tel. 647

ROCKLEY HYDRO. Electric and other baths; Excellent cuisine.
Lift. Near Golf Links. From 7s. per day. Tel. 422.

HOGHTON HOTEL. The Cyclist's Home. Tel. 506. J. Hough, Prop

ALBERT HOTEL. Ordinary daily. Sunday Table d'Hôte. H. E. Taylor

WHITBY.

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt

EDUCATIONAL.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Principal: Miss J. F. GRUNER. Certificated Student of Girton College, late Second Mistress, Dulwich High School, G.P.D.S.Co. Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For Prospectus address to BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, R.S.O.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

Scholarship Examination in December.

Preparatory School at Hitchin recognised by the Governors.

Enquiries should be addressed to the Bursar.

CHRIST'S COLLEGE.

BLAKHEATH, S.E.

Principal, F. W. Aveling, M.A., B.Sc.

Preparation for London Matriculation 1st Class College of Preceptors, and Entrance to Oxford or Cambridge.

TANGLEWOOD, BARNT GREEN, THE LICKEY HILLS,
Near Birmingham.

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

On approved Modern Lines. Thorough Education with individual care and character training. Games, gardening, and open air life in lovely country, with bracing air. Good train services on main line. Resorts provided.

Principal - - MISS EBBUTT, M.A.

(Newnham College, Cambridge—Trinity College, Dublin.)

ST. GEORGE'S WOOD, HASLEMERE, SURREY.

COUNTRY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Sandy Soil. 600 feet above sea level.

Healthy out-door life, combined with thorough education on modern lines. Usual curriculum, including citizenship course, extension lectures, &c. Preparation when required for University and other careers. Handicrafts, gardening, riding, nature study, archaeology, &c.

Principal: Miss AMY KEMP.

ST. GEORGE'S CLASSES, EDINBURGH.

(FOUNDED 1876.)

TUITION BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Help and Direction for Home Students in Literature, Fine Art (Special Subject for 1909-10, "The National Gallery—Foreign Schools"), History, Geography, Philosophy, Languages, Science, &c.

The Classes, under the direction of an Honorary Committee of Ladies, are conducted by experienced tutors of high University attainment who work in direct communication with their students. Preparation for examinations. Fees from 12s. per term. Write for Prospectus to Secretary, St. George's Classes, Edinburgh.

SESAME HOUSE for Home-life Training and for Training of Children's Lady Nurses and Kindergarten.—For full particulars apply, the Principal, Miss Emily East, 43a, Acacia Road, London, N.W.

A CHRISTMAS FEAST



Specially prepared by **CHARLES DICKENS.**

PEARS' ANNUAL 1909.

Contains four Stories specially written for the
Christmas Season by **CHARLES DICKENS.**



I. DOCTOR MARIGOLD. | III. BOOTS AT THE HOLLY TREE INN.
II. GOING INTO SOCIETY. | IV. THE STORY OF RICHARD DOUBLEDICK.

WITH 22 ILLUSTRATIONS IN TINTS expressly drawn for this Annual by
FRANK DADD, R.I., J. C. DOLLMAN, R.I.,
HUGH THOMSON, AND WILL OWEN.

ACCOMPANIED BY

FOUR COLOURED PLATES

EACH IN ABOUT TWELVE COLOURS.

I. "NAUGHTY BOY! Or
COMPULSORY EDUCATION."

By **BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.**

II. "IT'S GRAND!
Or UP IN THE CLOUDS."

III. "OH MY!
Or DOWN IN THE DUMPS."
(A MOST ATTRACTIVE PAIR.)

By **WILLIAM HUNT.**

IV. "SOME OF LIFE'S
PLEASURES."

By **E. G. HANDEL LUCAS.**



READY NOVEMBER 22nd, OF ALL NEWSAGENTS.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by THE NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1909.

le
K.
y
D
IT.
AS.
S.
es, London
1912 & 1913